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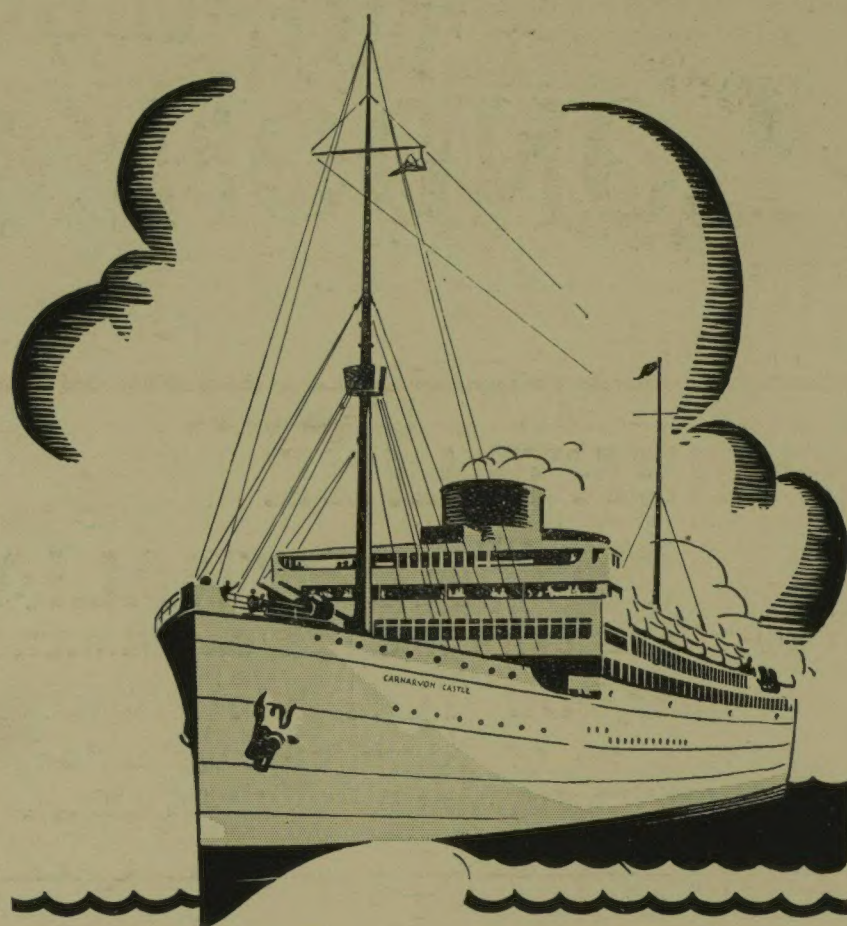
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1933.



**THE ASSYRIAN ETHNARCH, DEPORTED FROM BAGHDAD AND TAKEN BY AIR TO CYPRUS:
THE NESTORIAN PATRIARCH, MAR SHIMUN, HEAD OF A MUCH-DISCUSSED IRAQ COMMUNITY.**

It was announced from Baghdad on August 18 that the Nestorian Patriarch, Mar Shimun XXI., the Ethnarch of the Assyrians, who had been detained there some three months on refusing to sign a declaration of loyalty to King Feisal or agree to a scheme for the settlement of the Assyrians, had been deported and deprived of Iraqi nationality. With his father and brother, he left in a British aeroplane for Jerusalem, *en route* for Cyprus, where the British authorities had offered him asylum. "The Mar Shimun," says a correspondent,

"is a celibate," and chooses his successor from among his nephews. All questions relating to the many monasteries in Kurdistan are referred to him, and his see comprises many thousands of square miles of mountainous country. The present Bishop is a strikingly handsome man. He completed his education at Cambridge." The Assyrian trouble in Iraq has developed seriously since the events noted in our last number. It was reported that 500 Assyrians had been killed, while some taken prisoners were shot without trial.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE always mistrusted the Man On the Spot; because I fancy he is the Man In the Spotlight. It is rather like the feeling about the tourist who sends a picture-postcard purchased on the spot; we have a suspicion that the spot is only too well known as a beauty-spot. Particular persons and particular places are picked out by the limelight of publicity, in a way that is not really representative. In fact, I have always had a feeling, myself, that the luckiest of all journeys would be to set out for some famous place, and lose your way and find yourself in another place. It would probably have all the beauties and virtues of the first place; and the virtues would not be vulgarised. You would have the huge good fortune of finding the old, original famous place, before it was famous.

It is still more true of the sort of country that is filled with a sort of controversy; where there are rival shrines or centres of learning; or competing couriers and agents of culture. In other words, the man on the spot is even more mystifying or misleading, in a country which is (so to speak) liable to come out in spots. This sort of rash or eruption of local interest is likely to follow on any public debate about politics or religion; or anything that really matters; but it is proportionately difficult to judge the real proportions. A man who would interest us, say, in the cult of Nudism, will tell us that it is essentially Nordic; though why people should want to wear fewer clothes because they live in colder countries, I cannot imagine. He will tell you, as I learned from a book I read recently, that Sweden, or some such Scandinavian country, is the primitive and holy home of Nudism. But there must be a good many people on the spot in Sweden who would strongly object to coming out in spots in this way. In this case, as I have said, it is not a question of the spot, but of the spotlight. Cranks of this kind are advertised; they are especially advertised by themselves. This sort of man on the spot is simply a nuisance; and, though it may be well believed that I do not exactly worship Herr Hitler, and that I am not disposed at the moment to enrol myself among the Nazis any more than among the Nudists—yet I cannot blame Herr Hitler for extinguishing the light of this particular spotlight-man; and I could understand his temptation if (in the American variant of the phrase) he really put him on the spot.

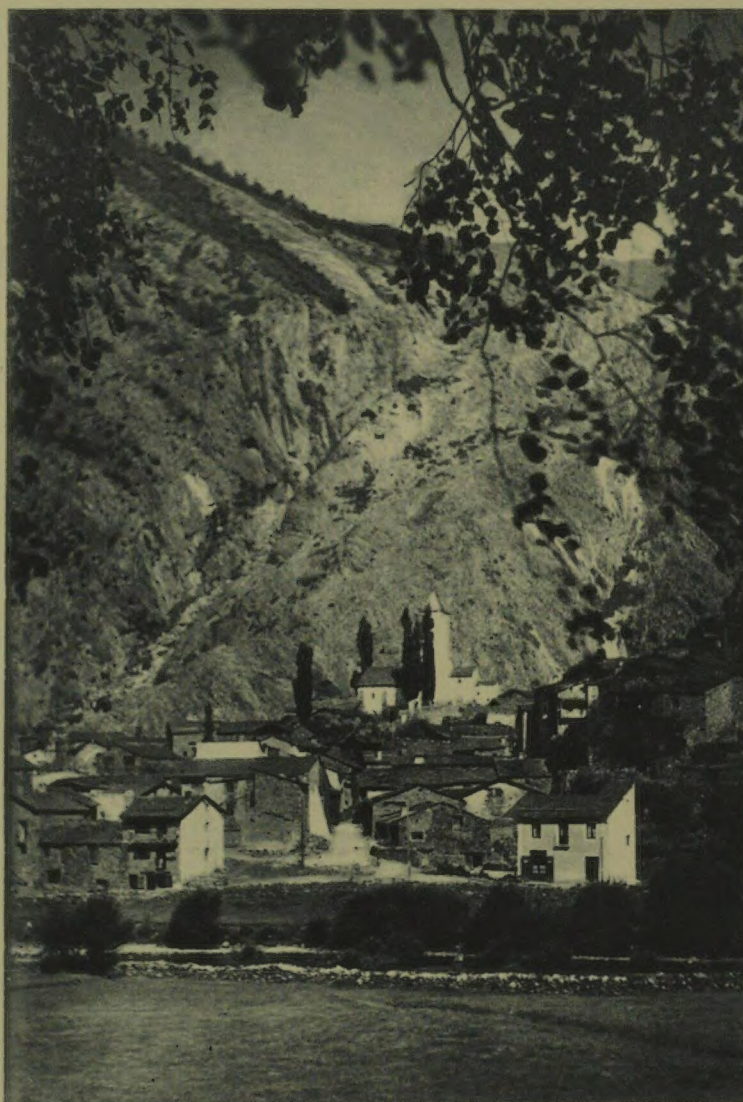
In any case, our judgment of remote problems, involving other races or religions, is rather hampered than helped by the local limelight; which picks out this or that figure for a representative of the real state of things. It might almost be better to deduce the probabilities from general principles of human nature than to accept absolutely as infallible the private experiences of human beings. Indeed, I have myself come to the conclusion, on this as on many other matters, that the method most often needed is the very reverse of the modern method of what is called experiment or experience. Social experiment differs from chemical experiment, or anything that is really practical in the way of scientific experiment. It differs in this vital respect: that the students of the social science dispute, not only about what will happen, but about what did happen. Two chemists are not left quarrelling about whether there was or was not an explosion with a loud bang. If there was, both will agree that for some reason a state of unstable equilibrium did exist; and that it did happily stabilise itself and return to equilibrium with a loud bang. But two sociologists will continue to argue whether there was really an unstable social equilibrium; whether the social explosion was large

or small, artificial or real, accidental or symptomatic, and whether the bang was really loud enough to be noticed. These differences of opinion exist more on the spot than anywhere else. The specialist on the spot is more of a partisan than anybody else. Thus we may be told any day that the brilliant investigator, Dr. Hugg, is a specialist on the Cannibal Islands, or what not; and people will sit at his feet as if he were not only an expert witness, but an impartial judge. But, after all, the real specialist on Cannibalism is the Cannibal. Nobody could be more swiftly and

Theory is much more important than most modern people, who pride themselves on being practical people, are inclined to suppose. I have generally found that the practical man was almost always a partisan. But he is a partisan more than usually difficult to pin down to anything, even to his party, because he has never examined the theory of his own actions; and certainly has no notion of the theories of other people. Now I like to know the theories of other people, even if they are theories I dislike belonging to people I dislike. When I know what principle they are supposed to be acting on, I can either deduce their activity or convince them of inconsistency. But when a man calls himself practical, because he does something and doesn't know why, then there is no relation between our minds at all. I would rather talk to a man who really understands the theory of Cannibalism than to another man so prodigiously practical that he was himself partially boiled in a pot.

I will take an example about which I am really rather agnostic—or, in plain words, very ignorant. Mr. Gandhi has admittedly been a man who was for a long time very much on the spot; even, as it says in "The Mikado," "a spot that is always barred." The enemies of Mr. Gandhi are also on the spot, and revolutionary change might possibly put them on the other side of the bars. But it does not help me to listen to a lady in sandals, who is a Theosophist and a Socialist, who says that she has been for years on the spot with Mr. Gandhi and knows him to be a saint—or, preferably, a Mahatma. Nor does it help me to listen to a choleric Anglo-Indian major, who says that he has been for years on the same spot, and that he knows that Gandhi is a mountebank. I think both these excellent persons are quite capable of believing what they want to believe. But if I did try to gratify my own curiosity, they would think it a most deplorably thin and theoretical and unpractical sort of curiosity. What I should like to know is, first, what a Mahatma is; second, whether Gandhi really is a Mahatma; third, how you know he is a Mahatma; and, fourth, how all this fits in with the indubitable fact that he is by birth a Hindoo; I believe of the third or commercial caste. I really enquire because I am ignorant. I only ask for information, like Socrates and Miss Dartle. Mahatmas used to be invoked by Theosophists; and Theosophists used to be presented as Esoteric Buddhists; and, ignorant as I am, I know that Buddhism is not the same as Brahmanism. If somebody would clear up the theory, even of a little thing like that, it would help me to understand India much better than the mere emotions of practical people about what they like or dislike; the mere spites or affections of the men on the spot. And it is exactly that sort of thing that is never dealt with in the newspapers, and seldom even reported by the traveller. It may be that there is a very simple explanation, but I should like to know it, because I should like to simplify the primary principles of the problem. As it stands, it does not seem to be merely a matter of likes and dislikes, but possibly of loyalties and disloyalties. Ignorant as I am of India, I know there must be any number of things to which Indians feel that they should be loyal, long

before or quite apart from the political question of loyalty to the British Empire. Now the newspapers have concentrated on that political question, because it is what is called a practical question. But, while remaining in blank ignorance (like Socrates), I rather think there is one thing that may be known about India and all Asia; and that is that it always did, and always will, concentrate largely on theoretical things. To leave out theoretical things is to be too insanely unpractical, even for a practical man.



IN THE STATE OF ANDORRA, RECENTLY OCCUPIED, IN THE NAME OF ITS TWO CO-PRINCES, BY A FORCE OF FRENCH GENDARMES: A PICTURESQUE VIEW OF CANILLO, ONE OF THE SIX PARISHES, OR COMMUNES, INTO WHICH THE COUNTRY IS DIVIDED.

Recent developments in the little feudal state of Andorra, where political trouble has been brewing for some time, are described, with further illustrations, on the opposite page. The country is divided into six parishes, or communes, namely, Andorra la Viella (the capital), Canillo, Encamp, La Massane, Ordino, and St. Julia. Its archives are kept in a cabinet (shown in one of our photographs opposite) to which there are six keys, one for each parish. Andorra's national "Magna Charta," known as the Carta Puebla, is said to have been granted 1100 years ago by Charlemagne, who is referred to in the Andorran National Anthem as "our great father." Legend tells that Andorra dates from the eighth century, when the Moors were defeated on the site of its present capital, thereafter named Endor (Andorra) in memory of the Biblical battle. The country is situated in a high mountain valley of the Pyrenees, with frontiers bordering on France and Spain. Of late years it has felt the influence of modernity. There is a good motor road (open for four months in the year) on which motor-buses run, and electric light is used. A great hydro-electric plant is under construction, and it is reported that a French syndicate proposes to construct a gambling casino, with hotels, cafés, golf-courses, and tennis courts.

splendidly on the spot than he is, when there is any Cannibalism going forward. The objection to the Cannibal as a judge of Cannibalism is not that he is ignorant of Cannibalism, or remote from Cannibalism, or not on the spot as a specialist in Cannibalism. It is that he is just the least tiny little bit biased; and so is Dr. Hugg.

For this reason I have long tended towards the very unfashionable notion, that what may be called

A NEW PHASE IN ANDORRA'S HISTORY: INVASION FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1278.



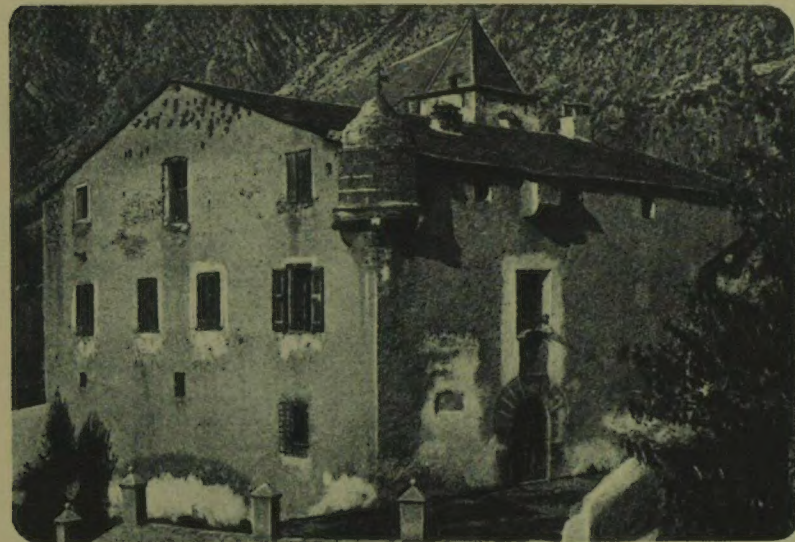
THE COUNCIL-GENERAL, OR PARLIAMENT, OF ANDORRA: A BODY DEPOSED LAST JUNE BY A LAW TRIBUNAL APPOINTED BY THE TWO CO-PRINCES, THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE AND THE BISHOP OF LA SEO DE URGEL.



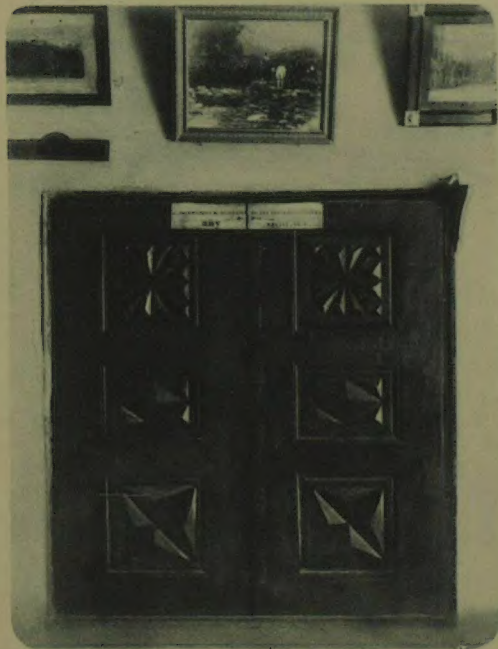
THE ANDORRAN UNIFORMED POLICE AND THEIR CHIEF: A FORCE (COMPOSED OF SEVEN MEN ONLY) DISARMED BY THE FRENCH GENDARMES, ALONG WITH THIRTY-SIX CITIZEN POLICE.



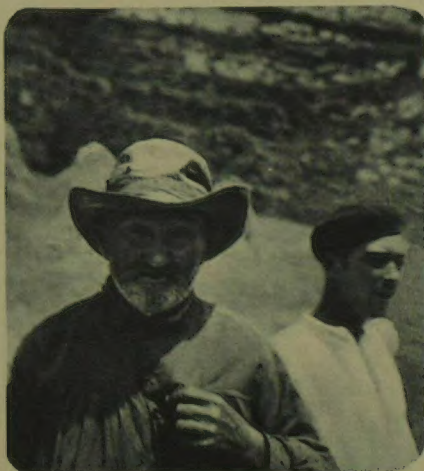
ANDORRA LA VIELLA: THE CAPITAL, TRADITIONALLY SAID TO HAVE BEEN NAMED (FROM THE BIBLICAL BATTLE OF ENDOR) AFTER A DEFEAT OF THE MOORS THERE IN THE EIGHTH CENTURY.



AT ONCE THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT, CHURCH, MUSEUM, INN, AND PRISON: THE HOUSE OF THE VALLEYS, THE KEYS OF WHICH THE SYNDIC REFUSED TO DELIVER TO THE FRENCH.



THE CUPBOARD OF THE SIX KEYS (ONE FOR EACH OF THE SIX PARISHES COMPRISING THE STATE): A HISTORIC PIECE OF FURNITURE THAT CONTAINS THE ANDORRAN ARCHIVES.



TYPES OF TWO GENERATIONS WITH CONFLICTING VIEWS: AN OLD MAN AND (ON RIGHT) FRANCESCO AREVRY, A LEADER OF THE YOUNG ANDORRAN PARTY



TYPICAL EXAMPLES OF ANDORRAN ARCHITECTURE: PART OF THE CAPITAL, ANDORRA LA VIELLA, THE CHIEF OF THE SIX PARISHES, WHICH HAS ABOUT 160 BUILDINGS.

A NEW development of the recent political crisis in Andorra, the small feudal State in the Pyrenees, occurred on August 20, when its "neutrality" or freedom from foreign invasion, maintained since 1278, was broken by the arrival of sixty armed French gendarmes. They appeared suddenly, in motor-cars, and took possession of the country in the name of its two co-Princes—the French President and the Bishop of La Seo de Urgel, in Spain. The gendarmes disarmed the seven uniformed Andorran constables, and thirty-six citizen police, occupied the Houses of Government in the six communes, arrested six rebellious officials, and placed Andorra under the orders of a French agent. The Syndic refused to deliver the keys of the House of the Valleys, and the French refrained so far from seizing the building by force. These events brought to a climax a long-standing dispute between the Andorrans and their co-Princes. On June 10 a Law Tribunal appointed by the Princes issued a sentence deposing the Syndic and the Council-General, or Parliament of twenty-four members, and the co-Princes named a Provisional Council of twelve. The validity of the sentence was disputed, and on July 29 the General Assembly decided to recognise no authority in internal affairs except that of their Council-General and Syndic, and to hold General Elections on August 31. The armed occupation of Andorra was the answer of the co-Princes.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



LORD CASTLE STEWART.

His retirement from his Membership of Parliament necessitates a by-election in the Harborough Division of Leicestershire. Unionist M.P. since 1929. Succeeded to the title (an Irish one), 1921.



SIR KENYON VAUGHAN-MORGAN.

Conservative M.P. for Fulham since 1922. Died August 21; aged fifty-nine. Director and vice-chairman of the Morgan Crucible Co., of Battersea; Chairman, London Municipal Society. Served at the War Office in the War.



ONE OF THE THREE WOMEN JURORS IN THE FIRE CONSPIRACY CASE, WITH THE FLOWERS PRESENTED TO HER BY DIRECTION OF THE JUDGE.

At the conclusion of the fire conspiracy case at the Central Criminal Court (which lasted thirty-two days), the Judge paid a special tribute to the jury. Then, by his express wish, the clerk made three bouquets from the flowers (which, by long tradition, are always before the Judge at the Old Bailey), and presented them to the three women jurors.



LORD MARLEY.

A delegate to the Radical Anti-War Conference at Shanghai. Forbidden by Japanese police to land when he arrived at Kobe to find a Japanese delegate for the international pacific groups against war.



COLONEL O. C. CLARE.

The well-known racehorse owner and breeder. Died August 20, aged fifty-two, after being taken ill while bathing. At the Battle of Loos he was the captain who kicked a football over the top before an attack.



DR. DOLLFUSS ENJOYING A SHORT HOLIDAY WITH HIS CHILDREN IN THE COUNTRY.

Dr. Dollfuss, the Austrian Chancellor, whose stand for his country's independence in the face of Nazi threats from Germany won him general esteem throughout Western Europe, had a series of conversations with Signor Mussolini at Riccione. Italian sympathy with Austria is much in evidence. Young Austrians were entertained at Ostia by the Italian Government.



MR. JUSTICE HUMPHREYS, JUDGE IN THE GREAT FIRE CONSPIRACY CASE.

The fire conspiracy case, tried before Mr. Justice Humphreys, lasted thirty-two days. The verdicts were given on August 18. There were sixteen defendants, and 141 charges; and all were found guilty. The Judge is here seen carrying a bouquet of flowers on an occasion of ceremony.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. E. W. POWELL.

One of the four Eton masters killed on the Piz Roseg, in the Alps. House Master of Wotton House. A well-known oarsman; winner of the Diamond Sculls, and a member of the Cambridge Eight, 1906-08.



MR. H. E. E. HOWSON.

One of the four Eton masters killed on the Piz Roseg, in the Alps. House Master of Jourdelay's. Took first-class honours in the Classical Tripos at Cambridge. Formerly a master at Shrewsbury.



MR. C. R. WHITE-THOMSON.

One of the four Eton masters killed on the Piz Roseg, in the Alps. The eldest of the three sons of the Bishop of Ely. He taught Science at Eton. He was a member of the Zoological Society.



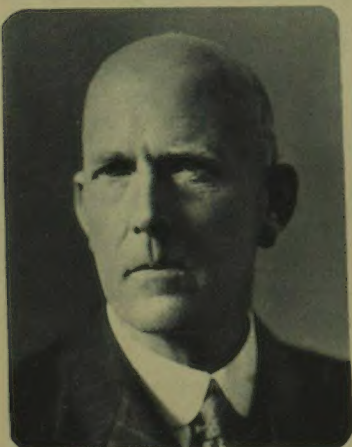
MR. E. V. SLATER.

One of the four Eton masters killed on the Piz Roseg, in the Alps. House Master of The Timbralls. A keen oarsman. Took a first class in *Lit. Hum.* at Oxford, 1900. Had been at Eton thirty years.



SIR FRANCIS HUMPHRYS (RIGHT); BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO IRAQ, WHO HAS RETURNED TO THAT COUNTRY.

Sir Francis Humphrys was on holiday in Norway when the trouble over the excesses committed on Assyrians occurred in Iraq. It was announced that he was returning to Iraq immediately. Special attention was given to this situation by the Prime Minister when he returned to London on August 17. Sir Francis Humphrys called upon him, and left London on August 19.



MR. R. L. HOBSON.

Keeper of the Department of Ceramics and Ethnography at the British Museum, which has been abolished. Appointed Keeper of the new Department of Oriental Antiquities and of Ethnography, which combines portions of former departments.



DR. A. W. J. MCFADDEN.

Senior Medical Officer in charge of the Food Department, the Ministry of Health, until four years ago. Died August 16; aged sixty-four. Supervised the quality and purity of Army food supplies in the war.



MR. W. C. CROCKER.

The solicitor who had charge of the prosecution in the great fire conspiracy case. He was specially complimented by the Judge. His activities in the preliminary stages of the inquiry resulted in a large sum being voted by insurance companies for the prosecution of the case.



MR. MAURICE ADAMS.

The well-known authority on architecture. Died August 17; aged eighty-four. Designed many public buildings both in England and the Dominions. Wrote much on domestic architecture and architectural history.



SIR MILES LAMPSON.

Minister in Peking; appointed High Commissioner for Egypt and Sudan, August 19. Played an important part in the peace parleys after fighting broke out at Shanghai, 1932. Much of his life has been spent in the East.

FOUR ETON MASTERS KILLED IN THE ALPS: A CLIMBING TRAGEDY.



THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT: THE STEEP WEST SLOPES OF THE PIZ ROSEG—A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. SOMMER, OF SAMADEN, WITH DASHES MARKING THE LINE OF THE FATAL FALL.



BRINGING THE BODIES OF THE FOUR ETON MASTERS INTO PONTRESINA: ONE OF THE MULE-CARTS IN THE MOURNFUL PROCESSION, WHICH WAS JOINED BY THE WHOLE OF THE UPPER ENGADINE GUIDES' UNION, WHILE ALL THE CHURCH BELLS TOLLED.



ONE OF THE FOUR BODIES BEING CARRIED INTO THE CHURCH OF STA. MARIA, AT PONTRESINA, BY A STRETCHER PARTY OF GUIDES, IN READINESS FOR THE FUNERAL.

Eton College has suffered a grievous loss by the fatal climbing accident to four masters—Mr. E. V. Slater, Mr. E. W. Powell, Mr. H. E. E. Howson, and Mr. C. R. White-Thomson (whose portraits appear opposite). On August 16 they started from Samaden for the Tschierva Hut (7500 ft.), where they spent the night and entered in the log-book their objective, the Piz Roseg (11,000 ft.), a difficult peak of the Bernina plateau. At 4 a.m. next morning they left, roped together, for the ascent, which would be easier on hard, frozen snow and ice than the descent in the afternoon thaw over the sunlit west slope. Meanwhile a

party of guides, who had arrived at the Tschierva Hut, became anxious about the Englishmen, who must have reached the peak before noon, but had not returned. Search was organised, and eventually the four bodies were discerned 900 ft. below a precipice on the west flank of the Piz Roseg. With great difficulty they were recovered next day, and brought to a point where four mule-carts were waiting to take them to Pontresina. On arrival the procession was joined by the whole Upper Engadine Guides' Union. The bodies were placed on biers in Sta. Maria Church, ready for the funeral on August 22, when all were buried in one grave.

THE GERMAN ADMIRAL MARRYAT MADE.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"ADMIRAL VON HIPPER": By HUGO VON WALDEYER-HARTZ.*

(PUBLISHED BY RICH AND COWAN.)

MARRYAT determined the fate of young Franz Hipper. The future Commander-in-Chief of the High Sea Fleet in the last phase of the Great War was sixteen and bent on becoming a naval officer. Everyone was shocked. His mother, widow of a most worthy shopkeeper of Weilheim, did her best to dissuade him. Indeed, "Frau Hipper was horrified, though what she feared was not so much the dangers of the sea—she was a woman of courage—as her son's intention to join the navy. At that time the navy was not popular in Bavaria if only because nothing was known about it. Even Franz's guardian shook his head. 'Only adventurers and failures join the navy,' he said. 'Stay at home and get enough to eat.'"

The boy persisted. Then his mother's tactics went awry. "Though Christmas was over and all the presents had been given, she procured Marryat's stories for her sea-struck offspring in the hope that acquaintance with so much that is strange and awful and terrifying to the mere land-lubber might make him change his mind." Alas for her calculations! Fascinated, Franz was keener than ever. Maternal consent was given and maternal common sense was such that Frau Hipper herself took her

lad to Kiel, in order to assure herself that he would be expertly "crammed." In 1881 he was a midshipman.

Germania had no inkling of it, but she had good cause to be grateful to the shade of the English novelist! Hipper—he did not achieve the *von* and his Barony until after Jutland—served his Fatherland supremely well. Necessarily, his earlier career was one of routine rather than romance; but he trained under sail and was the top-gallant hand in the *Niobe*, and he was in England for the unveiling of a memorial to those lost off Folkestone in the armoured frigate *Grosser Kurfurst* in 1878, when, as a German report ran, "the kindly waves daily cast ashore the corpses of the *Grosser Kurfurst's* crew."

It was his lot also to be in the *Leipzig* when the German flag was hoisted at Angra Pequena (Luderitz Bay) in 1884—"the first attempt to found a colony by the German Empire since it became an empire in 1871"—and at the seizure of Porto Segura, on the Slave Coast.

Further, he had three years as navigation officer in the Imperial Yacht *Hohenzollern*; and, among other experiences, witnessed, in 1901, after he had been at Cowes for Queen Victoria's funeral, what must be the most curious of cape-and-sword episodes.

The German Emperor, visiting the Emperor of Russia, agreed to a suggestion that the officers of his navy should wear swords again, as had been customary. "In the course of the morning the fleet performed some evolutions and then a big lunch was held on board the *Hohenzollern*, at the close of which, as a souvenir of the exercises, the sword was restored to the officers in the Tsar's presence. The Russian fleet was to be honoured immediately afterwards. When the Tsar took his leave, the weather had become dirty. The Emperor impulsively hung his cape round the Tsar's shoulders, and this gesture resulted in Russian naval officers being granted the use of a cape of German cut as an offset to the sword."

But, as Captain von Waldeyer-Hartz has it on occasion, we must not forget that we are writing of Admiral Hipper. He was not concerned with decorations, but with deeds. On July 30, 1914, Hipper, in command of the reconnoitring forces of the High Sea Fleet, at Wilhelmshaven, noted the "stand by." Twenty-two hours later was another order: "Danger of war imminent. Take measures accordingly." At 8 p.m. on Aug. 1, when Hipper was in Schillig Roads with his heavy cruisers, *Seydlitz*, *Moltke* and *Von der Tann*, "the order to mobilise came in—the iron dice of war had been thrown. The mobilisation was to begin on Aug. 2," the day on which a state of war was declared with Russia. France was in on the third; Great Britain on the fourth.

The rest is History. On the sixth, one of our submarines was sighted in the Heligoland Bight; and "on August 28

the torch of battle blazed up for the first time. The British had discovered, through their submarines, that the German Bight was guarded by a threefold cordon of submarines, destroyers and light cruisers. Admiral Beatty, in command of the British Battle Cruiser Squadron and Hipper's opposite number, conceived the plan of breaking through this fence and destroying it. Thanks to clever exploitation of weather conditions, he was successful. The High Sea Fleet suffered a nasty smack in the face." A destroyer and the light cruisers *Ariadne*, *Köln*, and *Mainz* were sunk; a junior officer, a prisoner in the *Liverpool*, saw on the wardroom table a copy of Jane's "Fighting Ships of the World"—"a line had been drawn through S.M.S. *Mainz*."!

Nastiness was the riposte to nastiness—in the form of an attack off Great Yarmouth, and shelling of the "coastal works" of the Hartlepoons; of the "important military works" at Scarborough; and of "the coastguard station of Whitby over which the British war flag was flying" by the *Von der Tann* and the *Derfflinger*: "In a few minutes the heavy storm of war had blown itself out to the roaring of the wind. Old England, touched by no shot since De Ruyter's time, had suffered some nasty wounds."

an enlivening tonic; wondering, too, at the excellence of our Intelligence, especially in connection with the Dogger Bank Battle, when wireless was a "traitor" to the Germans, who were innocent of the fact that the Russians had fished the jettisoned secret papers of the stranded *Magdeburg* out of the Baltic and had communicated the contents to the Allies, so that our Admiralty was in possession of copies of the signal book of the German Fleet and of its codes!

The Battle of Jutland (or, as the ex-enemy have it, Skagerrak) witnessed his finest effort; and it is to be remarked, in passing, that our author does not claim the laurels: "One cannot strictly speak of Jutland as a strategic victory for either side," he writes. "The military position at sea was the same after the action as before. But we can certainly speak of a tactical success for Germany, particularly as it was Scheer who determined the course of the action."

Hipper was a "soothsayer" on the morning of May 31, 1916. He felt instinctively that the enemy would be encountered in strength and he prophesied to his staff that they would be at it "hammer and tongs" by the afternoon. He was right; and none knew hammer-and-tongs more than

he himself. Nothing in this spirited "Life" of him is more stirring than the account of his search for a fresh flag-ship after the *Lutzow* had been hit so badly that she was settling by the head and could only steam at fifteen knots, soon to be reduced to eight. He had to transfer to the flotilla-leader *Rostock* and seek the *Seydlitz*. It was difficult to find that vessel in the flame-slashed mist. When she was sighted, she had a hole as big as a barn-door in her bows, hundreds of tons of water were gurgling in her, and her wireless had gone. The *Von der Tann's* heavy guns were almost knocked-out. So to the *Moltke*. She reported: "I've got a thousand tons of water on board; but otherwise I'm fit for your purpose." Then the battle-cruisers were signalled to attack—full speed ahead. Wounded, they obeyed. "In the centre of the mighty drama was Hipper in a destroyer! Round and about him the water was being hurled up in great fountains. The enemy guns thundered. It was as if the sky were raining bolts of steel. The ships rushed on, leaving foaming waters behind them. Mountainous waves rolled over each other. Thoughts and memories crowded in upon him. The past came to life—those happy times when he had been a lieutenant and those even happier days when he

had commanded a division and flotillas and had longed for nothing so much as this death-ride against the enemy under the old blood-red ensign, the fluttering crimson 'Z.' And now he was a full-blown Admiral, leading mighty squadrons in battle."

At last, the *Moltke*. Hipper's flag was run up to the mast-head. "We must get to the head of the line!" said the Admiral. "That's our proper place."

Always, he sought the proper place. The gods of the depths and the lesser gods of the land did not favour him. They made him Commander-in-Chief after Scheer, when it was too late. They led him to the old cruiser *Niobe*, a "home ship" from which he directed his defensive and offensive squadrons; but soon the North Sea was closed, "the god of mine warfare waved his horrid sceptre" and there was a strangle-hold from which he could not break: "The British nation knew far better than the Germans how to conduct a world war. It was more mature and followed the course of events from a higher standpoint." They raised him to Olympus only to dash him to the earth. When mutiny shattered the machine, he it was who had to plan the arrangements under which von Meurer surrendered the High Sea Fleet at Scapa Flow. Once more, he must have recalled the happier times.

So to the end: retirement; a little chamois-shooting, his paramount pleasure; the rewards of the hero home to rest; cards at his Skat Club; death, and a Guard of Honour.

Admiral von Hipper, the man, was a gallant officer and a great sailor—the words are Lord Beatty's. "Admiral von Hipper," the book, is a very worthy, very vigorous "Life."

E. H. G.



THE CAMPAIGN TO AROUSE GERMANY'S NATIONAL PRIDE IN HER SEA-POWER BY MODEL-SHIP-BUILDING: THE LAUNCH OF A MINIATURE "BREMEN" AT POTSDAM.

As noted in our issue of August 12, when we published a page of illustrations of it, there is now at Potsdam a school for building large-scale model ships. The launch of the miniature "Bremen" (previously shown under construction) is here seen. The Reich "Youth Leader," Baldur von Schirach, was present on this occasion and made a speech.

But Hipper—always for audacity—was not backed up as he had anticipated. The Main Battle Fleet retired. Protests were made; but, the German chronicler explains, "as before, a stand was taken behind the broad back of Bethmann-Hollweg, who was never tired of reiterating that the Fleet must be kept until the conclusion of peace if we were not to find ourselves in a difficult situation when it came to negotiations with England; and that all the successes of the army would be compromised unless at the conclusion of peace we had an intact navy at our disposal capable of exerting pressure upon England." There was agreement also that England was inclined to conserve her capital ships. In connection with which, Captain von Waldeyer-Hartz acknowledges: "Great Britain's main concern was, and remained, the protection of her trade, and even her naval operations must primarily keep that end in view. . . . The result of the War justified England's contention. She obtained her victory without risking her Fleet. . . . The situation was quite different from Germany's point of view. Her sea-borne trade in the oceans of the world was destroyed the moment war broke out." She might have fought freely to obtain an equality of fleets—a trump to throw on a conference table!

That is verging on the political. Let us hark back to the sailor, Hipper. Obviously, content was his only when he was "cleared for action." Waiting, he was irritated, nervy; working, he was in his element. And much labour was his: raiding, mining, sweeping for mines, reconnoitring; the while complaining of official caution, endeavouring to hearten the bored officers and men who had begun to fear barnacles-on-the-brain as a consequence of idleness, and thanking his stars that the U-boat campaign had proved

* "Admiral von Hipper." By Hugo von Waldeyer-Hartz, Captain (Retired) in the Former German Imperial Navy. Translated by F. Appleby Holt. (Rich and Cowan; 20s. net).

THE PICTURESQUE BANANA-TREE: A POPULAR FRUIT AS IT GROWS.



A BANANA-TREE IN FLOWER IN A TROPICAL GARDEN OF FLORIDA: A BEAUTIFUL CAMERA STUDY, SHOWING A BLOSSOM (SEEN IN THE CENTRE) DROOPING FROM A THICK STEM, AND A CLUSTER OF FRUIT ABOVE.

The banana as a fruit is, of course, very well known among us, and has even found its way into popular song, but its manner of growth on the tree is less familiar to people in this country. Many of our readers, no doubt, will therefore be interested in this very fine photograph, which was taken in Florida by an amateur photographer, Mr. August Bok. The trunk of the tree shows dark in the foreground. In the centre is seen a huge blood-red blossom hanging at the end of a thick, drooping stem about 5 ft. long, on which, farther up, bunches of small bananas are seen growing. A similarly drooping banana flower-stem, illustrated

in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," is described as one from which upper male flowers have fallen, leaving fruits ripened from lower female flowers. The same authority describes the banana as "a gigantic herbaceous plant belonging to the genus *Musa*," and says further: "A true stem develops at the flowering period. The genus has thirty species, widely distributed throughout the tropics of the Old World, and in some cases introduced into the New World. . . . The sub-species *sapientum* is the source of the fruit generally known in England as bananas. . . . No other class of tropical fruits is so widely known."

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: ROYAL, CIVIC, AND RELIGIOUS OCCASIONS.



THE NEW CIVIC HALL AT LEEDS, WHICH THE KING ARRANGED TO OPEN ON AUGUST 23: THE SOUTH-EAST EXTERIOR, SHOWING THE TWIN TOWERS AND THE CEREMONIAL ENTRANCE.



IN THE LEEDS CIVIC HALL; DESIGNED BY MR. E. VINCENT HARRIS, O.B.E., F.R.I.B.A.: THE COURTYARD AND WEST WING.



THE SPACIOUS COUNCIL CHAMBER IN THE LEEDS CIVIC HALL; WITH WALNUT SEATS SET IN AN ELLIPSE.

The King arranged to open the Civic Hall at Leeds on August 23, driving to the city with the Queen, from Harewood House. Their Majesties decided to pass through the streets in an open carriage; and they accepted an invitation to take luncheon with the Lord Mayor in his apartments in the new building. The Civic Hall is rendered conspicuous by the twin towers (170 ft. high), between which projects the portico marking the main ceremonial entrance. The exterior of the building is designed in the English Renaissance style. The courtyard is gladdened with the green of grass and foliage; and round the grass there is a pathway paved with Yorkshire setts. The Council Chamber measures approximately 70 ft. by 42 ft. by 32 ft. high. The seating is in the form of an ellipse. The Aldermen are seated in the front row. Galleries at either end seat 150 of the public. That distinguished architect, Mr. E. Vincent Harris, O.B.E., F.R.I.B.A., is responsible for the building; and it was arranged that he should have the honour of conducting their Majesties round it.—(Copyright Photographs by Chas. R. H. Pickard and Son, Leeds.)



BLESSING THE NORTH SEA FROM THE SUFFOLK COAST: AN INCIDENT IN THE PICTURESQUE PILGRIMAGE OF ST. FELIX OF BURGUNDY, AT DUNWICH.

A large number of Roman Catholic people walked along the cliffs at Dunwich, Suffolk, on August 20, in observance of the annual pilgrimage in honour of St. Felix of Burgundy, the Apostle of East Anglia, who fixed his see at Dunwich 1300 years ago. Mass was said in a large tent, and Father Woodlock, S.J., blessed the sea from the hill-top. Dunwich was once the chief port of the Suffolk coast, and contained many monastic houses, churches, and hospitals.



A MARTIN LUTHER ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATED IN HIS NATIVE TOWN: THE GREAT REFORMER IMPERSONATED AT EISLEBEN, THURINGIA.

A correspondent writes: "The Thuringian city of Eisleben, in which Martin Luther was born and died, is preparing to observe the 450th anniversary of the great reformer's birth, which falls on November 10. A wealthy citizen of Eisleben is seen impersonating Martin Luther himself." The house in which Luther was born is still shown at Eisleben, as well as a pulpit from which he preached, and other relics.



THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT TO THE PRINCESS ROYAL AND THE EARL OF HAREWOOD: THE KING AND QUEEN (WITH LORD HAREWOOD; RIGHT) LEAVING HARROGATE STATION ON THEIR WAY TO HAREWOOD HOUSE.

The King arrived at Harewood House from Sandringham on August 21. He had arranged to open the Leeds Civic Hall (illustrated on this page) on the 23rd, driving into the city from Harewood House, the home of the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood. His Majesty's plans were to leave for Balmoral in the evening; while the Queen is remaining at Harewood House for the week-end.



A LADY OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Our reproduction is from the National Gallery version of a portrait by Rogier de la Pasture (Roger van der Weyden) at Woerlitz. "Rogier was born at Tournai about 1400, the son of a sculptor, in whose art he was trained. His painting he learned from Robert Campion (le Maître de Flémalle). The influence he

exercised on Netherlandish and German art was considerable," notes *Apollo*. "Among his pupils are reckoned Petrus Christus, Dierick Bouts, Jacques Daret, Albert van Ouwater, and Hans Memlinc." Rogier died in 1464. This picture was bequeathed to the National Gallery by Mrs. Lyne Stephens in 1895.

FROM THE PICTURE, "PORTRAIT OF A LADY"—SCHOOL OF VAN DER WEYDEN IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY. REPRODUCTION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE "APOLLO" MAGAZINE.



FRANCE'S FINEST MEDIAEVAL FORTIFIED BRIDGE: THE PONT VALENTRE.

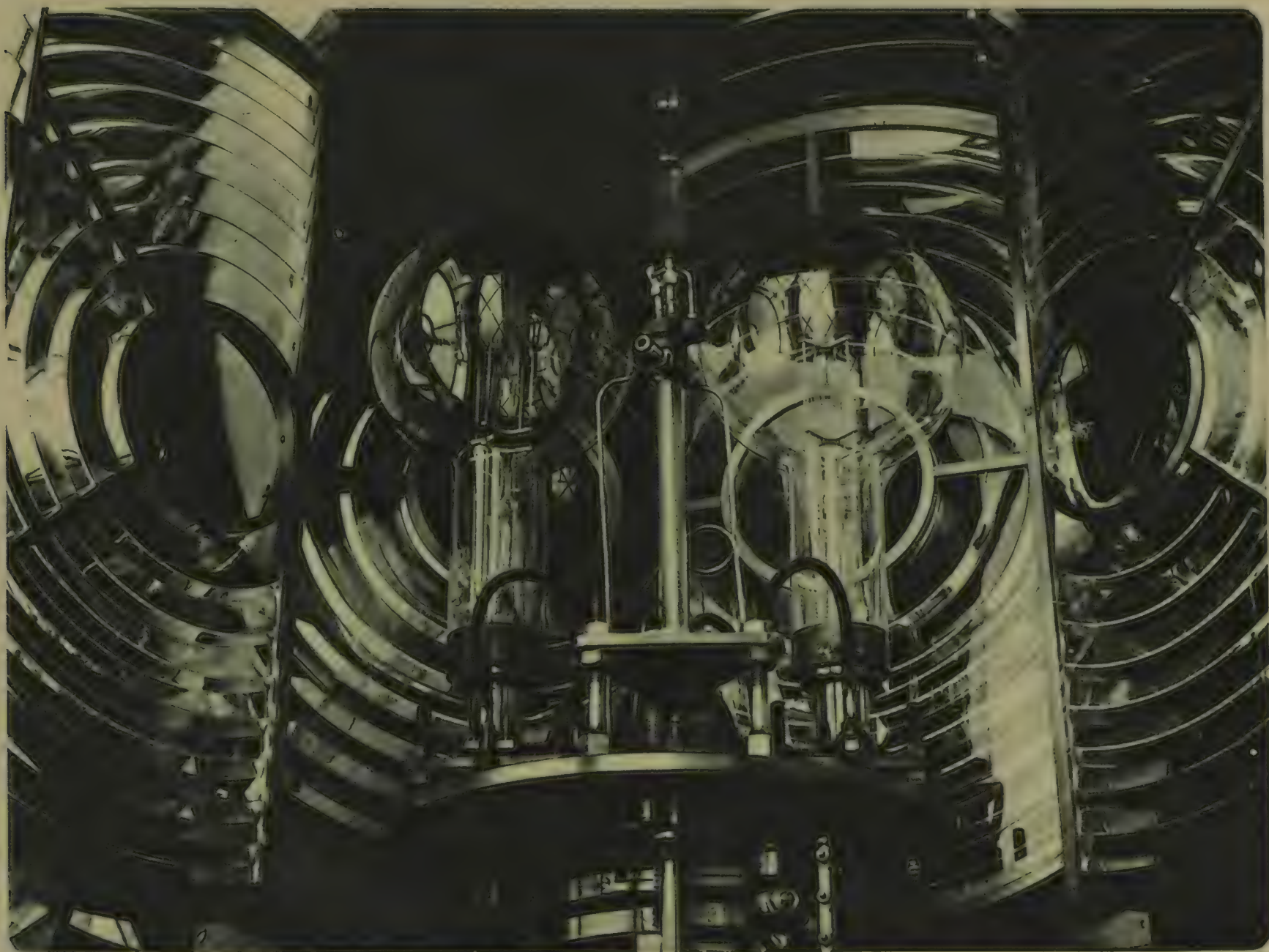
The Pont Valentré at Cahors, an historic walled city of Guyenne, can boast of being the finest mediæval fortified bridge in France. It dates from 1308. It is carried on six very high Gothic arches. The piers are crenellated, enabling defenders to meet attacks from the river itself. Of the three towers, the one in the centre is less elaborate than those at either end, which are machicolated: that is, they have openings between supporting corbels to permit the dropping of stones, and so forth, on assailants. Exterior staircases protected by battlements give access to their first storeys. A small fort guards the entry on the

town side of the river. "From the banks of the River Lot," writes a contributor to our French contemporary "L'Illustration," "this magnificent piece of military architecture presents an unforgettable spectacle, robust yet slender, reared high above the river; it fits in well with the character of Cahors, which may be truthfully called our 'cité aux belles tours.' . . . We may allow ourselves a passing regret that this wonderful piece of work was all too well rejuvenated in the nineteenth century. . . ." This water-colour was exhibited in London by the Royal Institute of British Architects.

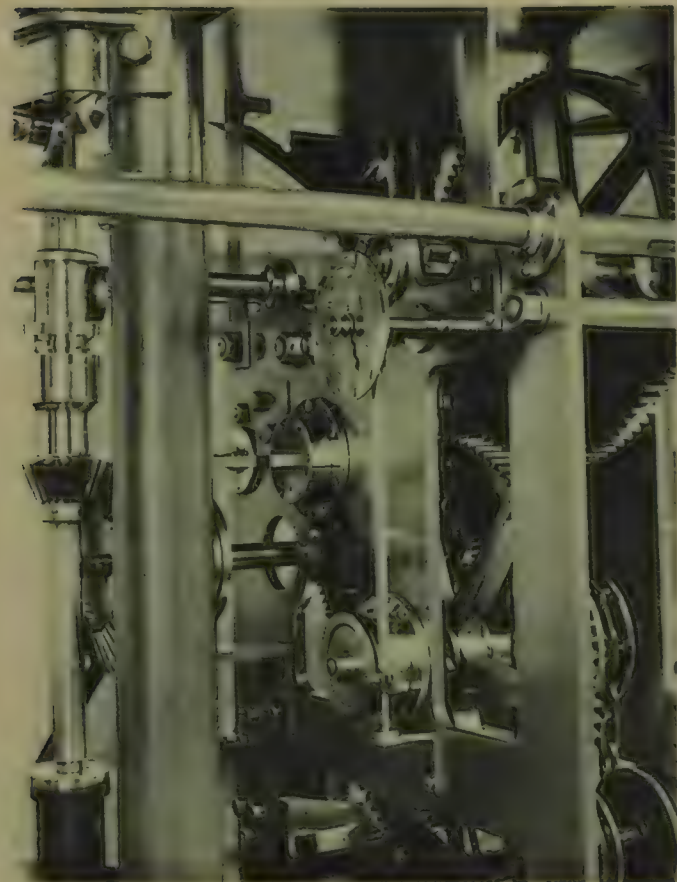
FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY VIGNAL; IN "OLD BRIDGES OF FRANCE."

COASTAL WARNINGS TO MARINERS THAT INTEREST THE HOLIDAY VISITOR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. W. KERR.



"THE COASTWISE LIGHTS OF ENGLAND": IN THE LOWER TIER OF THE LENS SYSTEM OF THE LIGHTHOUSE ON HARTLAND POINT—ONE OF THE ELECTRIC LAMPS (WHICH FLASH A BEAM OF 1,250,000 CANDLE-POWER); A STAND-BY ELECTRIC LAMP; AND AN ACETYLENE STAND-BY BURNER.



IN THE LYNMOUTH FORELAND LIGHTHOUSE: THE MECHANISM WHICH ROTATES THE LENS, CAUSING INTERMITTENT FLASHES.



TWO METHODS OF WARNING MARINERS AT SEA—BY LIGHT AND BY SOUND: BULL POINT LIGHTHOUSE, SHOWING THE LANTERN, ENGINE-HOUSE, AND GIGANTIC FOG-SIGNAL TRUMPETS.

Many holiday visitors to the seaside take the opportunity of inspecting local lighthouses, and these photographs are typical of the wonderful lighting and signalling apparatus now employed. "Hartland Lighthouse, North Devon," writes a correspondent, "was established in 1874, and its petroleum-vapour burner light was superseded by the electric filament lamp in 1927. The warning light is of the 'white group flashing' type. It gives six flashes every fifteen seconds, and the intensity of the beam is about 1,250,000 candle-power. The photograph shows an electric lamp, a stand-by lamp, and an acetylene stand-by burner in the lower tier lens system. The upper tier has only one electric lamp; but should one

of the lower tier electric lamps burn-out, then the stand-by lamp is automatically switched on. Should this fail also, the acetylene burner comes into operation. The Lynmouth Foreland Lighthouse gives four flashes every fifteen seconds, with a beam intensity of about 190,000 candle-power, from a petroleum-vapour burner. The fog signals at Bull Point are worked on a siren principle, operated by compressed air generated in the engine-house. By an ingenious arrangement of reflecting prisms, a subsidiary beam is projected from this lighthouse on to the Morte Rocks (which show just above the surface of the sea some distance from the land)." Bull Point is a headland on the Devon coast, near Ilfracombe.

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION: RIOTOUS SCENES IN HAVANA,

AND THE EX-PRESIDENT'S ARRIVAL BY AIR IN THE BAHAMAS.



WOMEN DANCING IN THE STREETS OF HAVANA TO CELEBRATE THE FALL OF THE MACHADO GOVERNMENT: A TYPICAL SCENE OF THE RIOTOUS DEMONSTRATIONS WHICH TOOK PLACE IN THE CUBAN CAPITAL.



THE DEPOSED PRESIDENT OF CUBA FLIES FOR SAFETY TO A BRITISH ISLAND: GENERAL GERARDO MACHADO (WEARING SPECTACLES) BESIDE HIS AEROPLANE ON ARRIVAL AT NASSAU, IN THE BAHAMAS.



THE PILLAGING OF THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE IN HAVANA AFTER THE FALL OF THE MACHADO RÉGIME: PART OF THE CROWD THAT BROKE INTO THE DESERTED BUILDING, DESTROYED FURNITURE, CARRIED OFF PORTABLE SOUVENIRS, AND HUNG OVER THE ENTRANCE A PLACARD ANNOUNCING (IN SPANISH) "ROOM TO LET."



THE CUBAN ARMY'S REJOICINGS OVER THE END OF THE MACHADO DICTATORSHIP: A TYPICAL GROUP OF SOLDIERS ON THE WALLS OF FORT CABANA CELEBRATING THE CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT.

As recorded in our last issue, the overthrow of the Machado régime in Cuba was followed by riotous scenes in Havana and elsewhere. Bands of revolutionaries, brandishing revolvers and sticks, wreaked vengeance on everybody and everything connected with the fallen President. Members of La Porra—the Machado secret police—were hunted down and killed, among them Colonel Antonio Jimenez, the commander of the force, who, with two other Porristas, was shot dead by soldiers on venturing into the streets. The mob went first to the Presidential Palace, pushed aside the guards, and,



JUBILATION IN THE STREETS OF HAVANA OVER THE FALL OF A SEVERE AND UNPOPULAR ADMINISTRATION: THE CROWD WILDLY ACCLAIMING THE PASSAGE OF A MILITARY CAR THROUGH THE STREETS OF HAVANA.

entering the deserted building, smashed the furniture, tore down tapestries, and took away portable articles as souvenirs of the occasion. Another crowd attacked the offices of the "Heraldo de Cuba," formerly a Government newspaper, and set the building on fire after destroying the printing machinery and throwing the furniture out of windows into the street. A similar fate befell institutions and private houses of people in sympathy with General Machado, including the suburban homes of three Cabinet Ministers. Throughout the day exultant crowds paraded Havana, constantly shouting "Get



THE MOB'S ATTACK ON THE OFFICES OF THE NEWSPAPER "HERALDO DE CUBA," FORMERLY A GOVERNMENT ORGAN: THE STREET STREWN WITH BROKEN FURNITURE THAT HAD BEEN THROWN OUT OF THE WINDOWS.



WRECKED FURNITURE ON THE PAVEMENT OUTSIDE THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE WHILE IT WAS BEING SACKED BY THE MOB: A NEARER VIEW OF PART OF THE SCENE SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

Machado!" but he remained in hiding until, in the afternoon, he succeeded in leaving the airport fifteen miles away in an aeroplane, accompanied by two of his Ministers, the Mayor of Havana Central District, and his private secretary. They flew to Nassau in the Bahamas, arriving on August 13, and it was stated later that General Machado intended to leave for Bermuda on the 20th. Meanwhile, his wife and three daughters, with others of his family, had escaped in a private yacht to Key West, Florida. It was reported on the 14th that during the demonstrations in Havana over fifty people



THE BURNING OF THE "HERALDO DE CUBA" OFFICES AFTER THE MOB HAD SACKED THE BUILDING AND DESTROYED THE PRINTING MACHINERY: A CROWD ALONG THE STREET WATCHING THE FIRE.



ONE OF THE REVOLUTIONARIES HOISTED ON THE SHOULDERS OF A CROWD IN HAVANA: AN INCIDENT DURING THE HUNT FOR MEMBERS OF LA PORRA—THE MACHADO SECRET POLICE—WHOSE CHIEF AND OTHER MEMBERS WERE KILLED.

had been killed and 300 injured, while two of General Machado's country estates had been plundered. On the next day the new Provisional President, Dr. de Céspedes, announced his Cabinet, a proclamation was posted that troops would fire on looters or incendiaries, and Cuba began to resume its normal activities. Soldiers and civilians, however, continued to kill or carry off any Porristas they could find. The despatch of two United States destroyers to Havana, not for intervention but to protect American citizens, had a sobering effect. By the 16th the strike was practically settled.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

THE obvious criticism of the title of "Ordinary Families" is that the people in it are not ordinary. Even if they were, E. Arnot Robertson's writing would distinguish them. The book is written in the first person, and it is an intimate revelation of Lalage Rush between fourteen and seventeen. To deal so frankly with a young girl, keeping intact her reticences with her own family, is an impressive achievement. As a matter of fact, the Rushes, Lallie included, knew very well that they were not ordinary—neither they nor the families who were their neighbours, somewhere on the Suffolk coast. The Rushes were bright and handsome, and their father was the dashing fellow who had been an adventurer and could hold an audience spellbound with his traveller's tales. South American revolutions left behind, he had turned himself into a dealer in small craft. His children were understood to share his enthusiasm for knocking about in his ill-equipped and not invariably seaworthy bargains. It marks a stage in Lallie's progress towards independent judgment when she suddenly discovers that she detests the squalid discomforts of cruising. The family does not seem to have been bored by the constant re-telling of their father's yarns. They were proud of him; but it was to his confusion, after he had acted as handicapper in the local regatta with a particularly heavy hand on his brood, that they won every race for which they had been entered. For herself, her passion was bird-watching with Ted, the boatman's son. It gives one a pang when the family's conventional chaff about Ted stings Lallie into self-consciousness, and the joys of the "hide" are lost. The growing-up part of the book has great charm. Her love-affair comes as an anti-climax. Love stuff in novels is always with us, but capture of the sheer zest of living in a young girl is rare. The poise of "Ordinary Families" is admirable, and it is an outstanding novel.

After East Coast air and salt water, Albert Halper's "Union Square" is painfully depressing. "Union Square" is sombre, the tragedy of men and women poor in spirit, or in pocket, or, more generally, in both. They are types without losing their sharply-defined individuality. Mr. Halper focusses a spotlight on them, turn and turn about, as they appear and reappear round the Square. Some of them are "comrades" of the Communist Party, a would-be destructive but actually feeble folk. Jason Wheeler, the ex-poet, is a Murger character gone rancid. He has artistic sensibility and he is dying in a garret of gin and phthisis and disgust of life: the lightheartedness of the old Bohemia is not for him. The book teems with kerbstone traders, American-born workers submerged in the slump, Jews, Swedes, Poles, Germans—the underdogs of the city. The women, deliberately or instinctively, pursue and prey upon the men. The final scene is the massing of the great Communist demonstration in Union Square, and its brutal dispersal by the police. The cumulative effect of so much human misery compressed into a single volume is rather intensified than mitigated by Mr. Halper's flashes of sardonic humour.

Mary Lutyens, in "Forthcoming Marriages," fills in the blanks of "a marriage has been arranged" in the *Times* of some unspecified future date. The idea is not new, but she has worked it out deftly, and she dips well below the surface. The first story deals with the pitiful marrying-off by a worldly mother of a simple daughter who was meant by nature to be a nun. One announcement is that a certain marriage will not take place; but there is a hint in the last sentence of the story to indicate Mr. Marsh Mallows may still slip through the other woman's net and be retrieved by the girl of whom he has never felt so fond as at the moment when she releases him. The sensations of a bride on her wedding day are brought in amusingly—day-dreams on waking, acute nervousness to

the crash of the bells, and departure for the honeymoon in a haze of champagne. "Forthcoming Marriages" is a really enjoyable book. There could not be a greater contrast to it than G. E. Trevelyan's "Hot-House," the next on the list. The door of the hot-house is bolted and barred against anything as normal as marrying and giving in marriage. A collection of unwholesome students and senior women wilts in the forcing-house of a women's college. "There is no Queen Anne's College at Oxford. And Queen Anne is dead." This is the foreword, an attempt to disarm protests against the use of the Oxford



THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A GERMAN TWELFTH-CENTURY LION-SHAPED EWER OF GILT BRASS.

Ewers in the form of animals were long popular in the Middle Ages. They were not only of brass and bronze, but also of earthenware, those in metal coming chiefly from the Low Countries. The present example, of gilt brass elaborately chased, was more probably made in Germany during the latter half of the twelfth century. It remains a masterly creation despite ill-treatment. The head of the figure which forms the original spout has been lost, whilst a hole has been made in the lion's chest, probably for the insertion of a tap such as is usually found in this position in later mediæval examples. Nothing is known of the history of this ewer before its purchase in 1856 from a London dealer for £10.

Photograph by Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Crown Copyright reserved.

setting. Mina is a neurotic student whose hysteria is exhaustively hammered home. She moves in a circle of *schwärmerisch* friends. The type is familiar, but the atmosphere of Queen Anne's is greatly exaggerated. A glimpse through a window is as near as any of Miss Trevelyan's specimens get to a game of tennis, and nobody could guess that they went down for six months in the year. There is no reason to suppose Mina would have been less obnoxious if she had not gone to college: the hysterical subject, a pest to society, is pretty familiar anywhere. As a study of emotional aberrations "Hot-House" is clever, but it takes an extraordinarily jaundiced view of University women.

"Album Leaf," "The Knot Garden," and "Almond, Wild Almond," are romantic titles. In the case of "Album Leaf," this is Joseph Shearing's artfulness. As in

"Forget Me Not," he uses Victorian posies and the seclusion of a French château to cover a plot of crime and passion. His English Miss wears a demure bonnet, but she is really anything but demure; and her career as companion to two unhappy ladies of the *ancien régime* is startling, to say the least of it. "Album Leaf" is a darkly fascinating novel. George Preedy, on the other hand, has collected together a series of period colour pieces, delicate illustrations of historical drama. The effect of the fifteen stories in "The Knot Garden" is enchanting. "Almond, Wild Almond" is a romance of the 'Forty-Five, with Dorothy K. Broster in her element. It will delight her public. The material she draws upon for her Jacobite adventures appears to be inexhaustible. Campbell of Glenure flits across the background, a sinister figure; Charles Edward passes, hail and farewell; and the mettlesome hero wins through to escape from Cumberland's dragoons with his bright-haired Highland bride.

"Water on the Brain" is a screaming farce. The screaming is a little shrill, as if the burnt child of the author's note had temporarily got the better of the accomplished novelist in Compton Mackenzie. The plot of "Water on the Brain" is elaborate, but it is an open question whether people will find the prolonged play with horn-rimmed spectacles, burlesque disguises, and imaginary conspiracies as entertaining as it is intended to be. The dialogue is amusing and the Glenmore Hydro is well done. St. Ninian's natural spring and all—"if you can call bad eggs and bicycle tyres natural spring." "Chain the Unicorn," by Constance Cotterell, is another novel where restraint would have been to the writer's advantage. The characters are terribly overdrawn. Faith, an ardent young girl, loved Sebastian, a young man who ranged from conscientious objector to militant Irish rebel, talking like mad. So far as one can understand, he talked himself mad. Faith loved him not unwisely but too well, until in a flash of insight she perceived that he was only "a bright hollow bubble," and that to realise it was the death of love. With that, Sebastian defied God and was struck dead by lightning, and Faith was free to marry Andrew Calamy; a weightier and much more satisfactory person. The intention of "Chain the Unicorn" is a mystery.

"The Soft-Spot" is nice, old-fashioned fiction, complete with missing heir and ivy-clad mansion. Where A. S. M. Hutchinson departs from the hoary tradition is in the title attached to the criminal tendencies of Stephen Wain. Thirty years ago, a villain was labelled a villain, and there could have been no thought of talking about business dishonesty, forgery, homicidal intention, and robbery of the widow and orphan as a soft spot. This is a vastly sentimental story.

"Murder of the Only Witness" is a well-planned, well-executed thriller. J. S. Fletcher keeps his crime stories on an even keel; it is not in him to wreck them upon the rocks of extravagant improbability. The nearest he comes

to it here is in despatching Camberwell, the inquiry agent, unarmed and singlehanded, to pursue dangerous men to their secret lair. The folly is unconvincing, except for the circumstance that he was a brave man and there was a lady in the case. The robbery of the Ellingshurst diamonds takes place in a house near Maidstone, and a maidservant who knew too much is found murdered in the grounds. The fight-to-a-finish *dénouement* comes off in a lonely house on the Sussex Downs. The people in the Keverne mystery are well handled. "Menace" is a long duel with international crooks in which crossing and double-crossing are freely used. It was Jerry Irish, the star of the Los Angeles police, who nosed out the killer in Nellise Child's "Murder Comes Home," a Californian crime story. Jerry was a "very bright lad." These three detective novels can all be recommended.



A GIFT TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA FROM THE NATIONAL ART COLLECTIONS FUND:

"JOB IN HIS MISERY," BY JAN LIEVENS.

Jan Lievens, the Dutch master, was born at Leyden in 1607, and was buried at Amsterdam in 1674. From about 1629 to 1632 he was in England, when he painted some royal portraits. In his youth he was an intimate friend of Rembrandt.

By Courtesy of the National Art Collections Fund.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- Ordinary Families. By E. Arnot Robertson. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)
 Union Square. By Albert Halper. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)
 Forthcoming Marriages. By Mary Lutyens. (Murray; 7s. 6d.)
 Hot-House. By G. E. Trevelyan. (Secker; 7s. 6d.)
 Album Leaf. By Joseph Shearing. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
 The Knot Garden. By George R. Preedy. (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)
 Almond, Wild Almond. By Dorothy K. Broster. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
 Water on the Brain. By Compton Mackenzie. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)
 Chain the Unicorn. By Constance Cotterell. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.)
 The Soft Spot. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)
 Murder of the Only Witness. By J. S. Fletcher. (Harrap; 7s. 6d.)
 Menace. By Richard Keverne. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)
 Murder Comes Home. By Nellise Child. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

NATURE'S STRANGE MASONRY: LIME-CRUSTED CLIFFS AND A HOT CASCADE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EVELYN PELLA



LIKENED TO "A CASTLE OF COTTON": PECULIAR NATURAL FORMATIONS OF CALCAREOUS MATERIAL FROM THE WARM SPRINGS OF HIERAPOLIS, IN PHRYGIA—DELICATE STALACTITE STRUCTURES AND A GROUND SURFACE RESEMBLING MASSES OF THE PUREST SNOW.



WHITE-GLEAMING CLIFFS VISIBLE FOR MILES ALONG THE VALLEY OF THE MÆANDER: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MAIN CASCADE OF HOT WATER, SURROUNDED BY PETRIFIED DEPOSITS, BELOW THE PLATEAU ON WHICH STAND THE ANCIENT RUINS OF HIERAPOLIS.

We illustrate here a strange natural phenomenon in the Near East, just below the ruins of Hierapolis, an ancient Phrygian city built on a plateau some six miles north of Laodicea. Hierapolis was the birthplace of Epictetus. Warm springs, descending the cliffs in cascades, have deposited calcareous material all around. From the resulting aspect of the place, it has been called "the Castle of Cotton." The correspondent who sends the photographs writes: "It is not difficult to understand why such a name has been given, for the famous white cascades gleam brilliantly and may be seen miles away as the train from Smyrna winds along the Mæander valley. Leaving the railway and going on by car, one sees the main cascade just above the modern village. An extraordinary scene here presents itself as the visitor follows the course of a stream of hot water rushing

down the side of the cliff, forming a snow-white channel. On one bank are blocks of a white, stone-like substance, which, taken in the hand, is as light as a feather, falling to powder if crushed. Half-way up, the waterway should be crossed, and, pausing here, the traveller sees at his feet countless 'basins,' having the appearance of saucer-like shapes pushed through a mass of dough and ornamented with sugar-icing, each filled with bluish water. The ground is intersected with waterways, which have deposited a substance that encrusts everything. Towards the mountains at the back, just below the ancient theatre, is the source of the hot streams, a pool of bubbling water so transparent that objects at the bottom can be seen with perfect exactness. Though the ruins themselves are magnificent, it is to the 'basins' that the traveller returns, fascinated by their fantastic shapes."

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: RECENT EVENTS IN PICTURES.



YOUNG *FELIS LEO* PLAYS WITH YOUNG *FELIS CATUS*, OR *CAFFRA*!—A FRIENDSHIP FORMED WHEN THE LITTLE LION WAS BEING HAND-REARED AT THE "ZOO."

Doris, the female of the young pair of Abyssinian lions in the London "Zoo," has proved a bad mother as regards her last litter of cubs. Two she killed after they were born, and the third she subsequently dropped into a bucket of water! It was rescued in time and is now being hand-reared. It has been given a kitten as companion and the two are excellent friends, although the kitten is, if anything, the bully of the pair!



THE CENTENARY OF IRELAND'S LARGEST MONASTERY, AT MELLERAY: MR. DE VALERA GENUFLECTING BEFORE THE ALTAR IN THE COURSE OF THE CELEBRATIONS.



CARDINAL MCRORY LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW CHURCH AT MELLERAY ABBEY: AN INCIDENT IN THE CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS OF THE GREAT CISTERCIAN MONASTERY.

The centenary celebrations of Ireland's largest monastery, the Cistercian foundation of Mount Melleray, took place recently. They attracted widespread interest. On the first day, the descendants of those who had welcomed and assisted the early pioneers were lavishly entertained. On the second day the President and Mr. Cosgrave and other public notables attended, and on the last day Cardinal McRory laid the foundation stone of the new Church. The early founders were driven from France in the Revolution of 1830, and after much wandering secured the large tract of barren mountain on the south slopes of Knockmealdown Mountain. They owe much to the help they received in the early days from all creeds and classes among their neighbours. They have always shown their gratitude by their care for the poor and hospitality to all comers. The monks keep silence and never eat meat or fish.



THE TIGER CUBS WHO WERE BORN AT THE WHIPSNAD "ZOO," AND ARE PROGRESSING FAVOURABLY: RANEE WITH HER FAMILY.

Three tiger cubs (two of which are seen here) were born some months ago at the "Zoo," Whipsnade Park, Bedfordshire, and are just "finding their feet." Their mother is Ranee. The cubs, it is stated, are the first to be bred and live in captivity in this country for fifty years. The first appeared "in public" on August 18.



THE EVER-INCREASING VOGUE FOR FLOODLIGHTING: THE BEAUTIFUL NIGHT SILHOUETTE OF WHITBY ABBEY AS SEEN FROM THE TOWN BELOW.

The floodlighting of the parish church of St. Mary and the Abbey at Whitby have been greatly admired by visitors recently. In this connection, it is interesting to note that in the life of Admiral von Hipper, reviewed elsewhere in this issue, a description is given of how the German battle-cruisers shelled "important military works" on the East Coast of England. "The Von der Tann" and the "Derrflinger," we read, "finally destroyed the coastguard station of Whitby over which the British war flag was flying."

A "DEVIL MASK" FOR HENRY VIII.—A GIFT FROM MAXIMILIAN I.



THE MASK-HELMET AS SHOWN IN THE TOWER: A PIECE WITH IRON HORNS AND A FIERCE FACE IN PLACE OF A VISOR; AT ONE TIME PAINTED AND GIVEN SPECTACLES!

The mask-helmet here pictured was presented to King Henry VIII. by the Emperor Maximilian I., who was famous for the interest he took in the armourer's craft, and gave his name to the peculiar fluted armour made in Germany in the early sixteenth century. In the helmet with which we are concerned, which was probably designed only as a tilting-piece, the skull and sides are those of a fine armet. Two large ram's horns of iron, realistically treated, are fixed to the brow. In place of a visor there is a well-forged human mask, with engraving over the eyebrows and on the cheeks. This

does not appear to belong to the skull piece, and has been cut to fit it. A pair of brass spectacles was riveted on the cheeks in the seventeenth century. Originally, the whole was silvered, but later it was painted—the helmet blue, the mask flesh-colour, and the horns and spectacles yellow and gold. The paint has since been removed, exposing the metal and its engraving. An interesting point is that in 1688 such a curious specimen of armour as this was valued at £3! Its weight is 7lb. 8oz. It is to be seen in the "Horse Armouries" Room in the White Tower at the Tower of London.

FISHING THE TOWN STREAM, WITH A "HÖH! HÖH! HÖH!": MEMMINGEN'S ANCIENT FISHERMEN'S FESTIVAL, HELD ONCE A YEAR—ON St. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.



EVIDENCE OF THE TRADITIONAL CHARACTER OF THE FISHERMEN'S FESTIVAL AT MEMMINGEN, IN SWABIA, WHEN THE STREAM WHICH RUNS THROUGH THE TOWN IS FISHED—ON St. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY (AUGUST 24) ONLY: AN OIL-PAINTING, OF ABOUT 1700, SHOWING SHOUTING MEN AND BOYS WITH THEIR NETS AND WOMEN RECEIVING THE CATCHES ON SHORE—FOR COMPARISON WITH OUR PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MODERN SCENE.



THE BEGINNING OF THE FISHERMEN'S FESTIVAL AT MEMMINGEN: THE REIGNING "FISHER KING," MOUNTED ON A LARGE BARREL, MAKES A SPEECH OF GREETING TO HIS "FAITHFUL SUBJECTS" IN FRONT OF ONE OF MEMMINGEN'S OLDEST HOUSES.

In addition to being remarkable as providing one of the few opportunities for spontaneous public hilarity left in Europe, the Festival of the Memmingen fishermen is highly interesting from a historical point of view. In its present form it dates from the sixteenth century, but its origins go back to pre-Christian times. Briefly, the stream which runs through Memmingen was at one period the place into which rubbish was shot; and, in order to appease its god—one "Bartel" (or Wotan-Bartold)—the stream had to be cleaned out once a year; none too often, seemingly, even for the most easy-going deity! Otherwise, no doubt, Bartel visited his human neighbours with epidemics. The pious folk who carried out the annual cleaning for him expected some reward for their arduous labours; and this took the form of fish, in which Bartel's

[Continued on right.]



THE FISHERMEN'S FESTIVAL AT MEMMINGEN AS IT IS NOWADAYS: THE ONE DAY OF THE YEAR UPON WHICH THE STREAM RUNNING THROUGH MEMMINGEN (THE TOWN'S "MAIN DRAIN" AT THE TIME THE CUSTOM ORIGINATED) IS FISHED BY A BAND OF FISHERMEN WITH NETS; ALL DRESSED IN GROTESQUE COSTUMES.



THE HEIGHT OF THE EXCITEMENT IN MEMMINGEN'S FISHERMEN'S FESTIVAL: A SUCCESSFUL FISHER SHOUTING: "HÖH! HÖH! HÖH!" TO ANNOUNCE A CATCH AND RUIR HIS FELLOWS TO FURTHER EFFORTS TO NET THE BIGGEST FISH AND BECOME NEXT YEAR'S "FISHER KING," A DIGNITY THAT IS PROBABLY A PRE-CHRISTIAN SURVIVAL.



A FISHERMAN ON St. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY AT MEMMINGEN ANNOUNCING A CATCH WITH A "HÖH! HÖH! HÖH!"—A TRADITIONAL CRY THAT STIRRS ON THE COMPETITORS FOR THE "FISHER KINGSHIP" TO GREATER EFFORTS, AND ENTERTAINS THE HOLIDAY CROWDS—PARTICULARLY IF THE CATCH TURNS OUT TO BE ONLY AN OLD BOOT! AFTER ALL!



WHEN THE ONLOOKERS BECOME THOROUGHLY UPDARIOUS: ONE OF THE GROTESQUELY DRESSED FISHERS, AFTER ANNOUNCING A CATCH WITH PIERCING CRIES, DISCOVERS THAT HE HAS ONLY NETTED AN OLD BOOT!

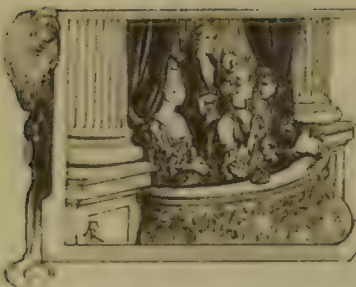
stream abounds. Much of this ancient ritual still persists, although, of course, the stream is no longer a danger to the health of the community. The most successful fisherman is called the "Fisher King." Every year a new "king" is "crowned" at a regular ceremony in a tent specially erected and decked with fishing-nets and other apposite forms of ornament. But Bartel, the heathen deity, has become Bartholomew, the Christian Saint.—[COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. J. VON HERSHBERG.]



CANDIDATES FOR THE "FISHER KINGSHIP" USING THEIR NETS VIGOROUSLY IN THE HOPE OF GETTING THE HEAVIEST CATCH—THE TITLE TO THIS CURIOUS ROYALTY: INHABITANTS OF MEMMINGEN DRESSED IN ALL SORTS OF GROTESQUE COSTUMES, AND EACH WEARING A "FISHERMAN'S TICKET" IN HIS HAT.



ANOTHER EX-MONARCH IN EUROPE! "OTTO II", "FISHER KING" OF MEMMINGEN (STILL WEARING THE CHAIN OF MEDALS, ON WHICH THE NAME OF EACH OF HIS PREDECESSORS IS STRUCK), ABOUT TO TAKE LEAVE OF HIS "PEOPLE" AND GIVE PLACE TO HIS SUCCESSOR, IN THE PERSON OF THE FISHER WHO HAS NETTED THE BIGGEST FISH.



The World of the Kinema.



FILM ROMANCES: "BITTER SWEET."

THE screen is too much with us, late and soon . . . indeed, the position of a film critic in these commercialised times, when nearly every picture seems to be an uninspired variant of every other picture, when "the daily round, the common task" is to watch through the tenuous tales of infidelities in a mechanical cocktail world that never was on sea or land, is, like the lot of the policeman, not a happy one. Nowadays, that is during the holiday season, the river of films flows intermittently, but generally it is in such spate that no amount of conscientious application can properly cope with it. Much of this volume, so mighty in quantity, so meagre in quality, needs no address—the trade shows, Press shows, premières follow with devastating regularity—so the few that are worthy of serious examination provide compensating rewards. The mass come luridly to the screen, sumptuously upholstered and voluptuously enacted, describing illegitimate relationships according to a prescribed formula, or else, forsaking the drawing-room for the "speak-easy," present monsters of incredible fiction that leave Emily Brontë's fiendish Heathcliff, by comparison, virtuous. These films have no intense life to impel them, no spiritual energy is released, and no reality is created. Instead, we have the vigour of marionettes who filibuster—and, to borrow their vocabulary—"bump each other off" in pursuit of a heroine, usually of promiscuous passions, in an atmosphere of fevered delirium. These law-breakers do not do it for the fun of the thing, for then there would be the sparkle of naughtiness, but they function desperately in an orgy of contrived adventure. Nothing happens that makes for truth and beauty. Everything happens that is calculated to debase what George Eliot defined as "the moral coinage." All children love a story, and we never grow too old to listen to the story-teller. Now the film is a new medium for this old art, which has its own canons that have been employed by story-tellers since the days of Apuleius. All these principles, alas, are flouted, so that the result is barren and sterile. Romance, that has shed its glamour over life and letters, is reduced to cheap adultery—cheap in its emotions though it be set amid Eastern splendours or tropical magnificences. Where is the spirit, the poetry, the music of the adventure? Yet the fable, the *roman*, has always brought with its interest an inner light. The very word "romance" sweeps us away from the sordid, soulless commonplaces to a brighter sphere, conjuring up to the vagrant fancy visions of battlemented castles, of fair ladies waving wistful adieux to gallant knights and squires as they ride forth on their impossible adventures.

What anæmic, debilitated things we set on the screen! How faded against the splendours of such tales as "Guy of Warwick," or "Floris and Blanchefleur"! The quest of the Grail is the quest for what makes life supportable. But these standardised manufactured film romances—"Storm at Daybreak," at the Empire, is a current illustration—in spite of their descriptive detail, are so dead. There is no real emotion in them. In this picture we have careful feudal backgrounds, we have the turbulent area of soil that is first Hungarian, then Serbian; we have a skilful suggestion of the mysteries belonging to a remote way of life, we have all the externals of romance; but it falls flat under the weight of the same familiar emotions, the same plotted escapades, the same prosaic infidelities, the same mechanical and arbitrary conclusion that have the definition of a rubber stamp. That is why, despite its faults, I find Pabst's "Don Quixote" such a reward. Though originally conceived by Cervantes to kill the absurd romances of his day, it gave true romance new life. Pity, admiration, laughter and sympathy all spring from its heroic adventure, and the film rendering has captured more than an echo of its genius. That is why I find "Cavalcade" so genuine and so moving. America deserves all the praise she has received for this brilliant transcript of Mr. Noel Coward's play. This is the romance of our time, and of our England through three decades of momentous history, without any betraying insincerities or vulgar emphases. For romance is not a matter of castles, with

knights in armour, nor is it to be narrowed into little love-affairs. It is an outlook, an attitude of mind, a serious artistic expression of life. It was not Byron's disarranged collar that expressed the romanticism of his age, but the poetry of Shelley, Keats and Wordsworth. Its essence is magic, as Watts-Dunton observed, and it can embrace

rough tenderness, elemental passion, simple homeliness and throbbing humanity, rich in laughter no less than in tears. It is because "Cavalcade" is woven of these things, because it evokes memories and associations with glamorous effect that the film glows with life and feeling.

Does it not point to the need of creative authorship for the screen? This demands freedom to work and faith in results. Neither, alone, nor in conjunction, can work the miracle, but there is an uneasy feeling that cocktail romance fills the bill. Does it? We are neither cheered nor intoxicated by the draught. The cup brings no abiding satisfaction. Films come and films go, fading out of sight and memory like shadows that flicker and vanish. Never do we recollect with joy, or trouble to remember, save for perhaps a bit of acting or a scrap of photography. There is no mirage to cheat us on our way, nor any vision to light it. Only a sequence of dead things that we stare at, then forget. But when life comes to the picture, when the story has its own being, when the story-teller works in the great tradition, then we are all agog with excitement. That is why we looked forward so eagerly to the production of "Bitter Sweet." We remembered Mr. Noel Coward's triumph that July night four years ago at His Majesty's. An operetta—yes—a fragile delicate form, but on the stage shot with beauty, flashing with moments of intensity, alive from curtain-rise to curtain-fall, with a dowry of memories to treasure. Would the film capture this magic? Would the romance transfer on balance without loss? Could England handle "Bitter Sweet" as competently as America did "Cavalcade"? These, and a score of other questions and doubts, went with us through the portals of the Carlton Theatre that Wednesday afternoon when the film

first saw the light. The director, Mr. Herbert Wilcox, is to be congratulated on having made a wholly charming film, free from vulgar emphasis and pictorially delightful from beginning to the end. Its merits lie chiefly in the fact that the original story has been faithfully followed. Here and there the dialogue has been skilfully added to, but memory does not help us to discover these additions. The operetta has been thoughtfully studied and the reproduction on the screen is in the spirit of the original. The familiar and captivating melodies are woven into the texture and not stuck on with aggravating insistence as the theme songs so often are in pieces of this character. That there has been loss must be admitted, the bitter has rather gone out of the sweet and the intensity of the poignant moments is not so sharply felt. But there have been gains that balance the scales, for the spectacular scenes give us a detail and a comprehensiveness denied the stage. It is a delicate tale, perhaps too slender a thread to build a full-length film upon, but it is acted with charm and sincerity by Miss Anna Neagle and Mr. Fernand Graavey, who fill the parts of heroine and hero. It is when we come to the scenes in the café that the picture grows vivid. Amid this hectic gaiety that turns on Manon, the café singer, we suddenly become aware of something deeper than frivolity, something brighter than glitter, something of the sadness which belongs to the tragedy of disillusion. We have watched the lovers in their remote yet brittle world, and the fragrance was gracious; we have watched the accommodating café proprietor, again recreated by Mr. Clifford Heatherley with shrewdness and humour, and the flashing viciousness of Mr. Miles Mander's roué officer, but always with the consolation that theirs is a glamorous world distant enough from experience to reduce tragedy to pathos and give adventure a gloss. But Miss Ivy St. Helier, as she did at His Majesty's, on the stage, gives to Manon a life that is compelling. Beneath the mask we feel the heartache, below the shining romance we are in touch with experience. The picture loses here something of the moving power of the play, but sufficient remains to waken sympathy and give value to the operetta. A slight thing but fragrant, a delicate porcelain but finely fashioned, a romance of true love told with winning persuasion and adorned with passages of beauty, a sentiment unsullied by vulgarity—these are not hollow rewards in the Kinema to-day.

G. F. H.



RE-ENACTING THE SCENES OF HERR HITLER'S ADVENT TO POWER FOR A NEW GERMAN FILM: STORM TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH THE BRANDENBURG GATE, BERLIN, ACCLAIMED BY A CROWD WITH THE NAZI SALUTE.

In Berlin a few days ago were re-enacted the scenes that followed Herr Hitler's appointment as Chancellor, on January 30 last, when 15,000 Nazi storm troops and Steel Helmets marched down the Wilhelmstrasse. This scene, showing crowds giving the Nazi salute, and the Brandenburg Gate in the background, forms part of a new film, entitled "Horst-Wessel," based on Herr Hitler's career.



THE MASS PRODUCTION OF WIRELESS RECEIVERS IN GERMANY FOR FURTHERANCE OF THE NAZI GOVERNMENT'S PROPAGANDA: ONE OF MANY WORKSHOPS CONCENTRATING ON A NEW POPULAR TYPE OF APPARATUS.

A new type of wireless receiving apparatus, known as "the People's Receiver," is being produced in Germany on a large scale for the Reich Ministry of Propaganda. Thousands of hands, it is said, are busy on its construction, and our photograph shows a typical scene in one of the workshops. It was arranged that the new receiver should be on sale at the great Radio Exhibition in Berlin.

"THE WANDERING JEW": A FILM TO COMPARE WITH THE STAGE REVIVAL.



THE FIRST PHASE—IN JERUSALEM AT THE TIME OF THE CRUCIFIXION: MATATHIAS (CONRAD VEIDT; STANDING ON THE RIGHT) INCITES THE MOB TO DEMAND FROM PILATE THE DEATH OF CHRIST.



THE SECOND PHASE OF THE STORY—LOCATED AT ANTIOCH DURING THE FIRST CRUSADE—AS PRESENTED IN THE NEW FILM VERSION: THE WANDERING JEW REAPPEARS AS THE UNKNOWN KNIGHT.



THE THIRD PHASE—AT PALERMO IN THE YEAR 1290: A SCENE BETWEEN CONRAD VEIDT (AS THE WANDERING JEW), JOAN MAUDE, AND JOHN STUART, IN A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY INTERIOR.



THE FOURTH PHASE—IN SPAIN DURING THE INQUISITION: DEATH COMES AT LENGTH TO THE WANDERING JEW—THE SCENE IN WHICH HE IS BURNT AT THE STAKE IN THE MARKET PLACE AT SEVILLE.



AS MATATHIAS: CONRAD VEIDT IN THE FIRST PHASE OF "THE WANDERING JEW," AS SEEN IN THE FILM.



AS THE UNKNOWN KNIGHT OF THE FIRST CRUSADE: CONRAD VEIDT IN THE SECOND PHASE OF THE STORY.



AS A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY MAN AT PALERMO: CONRAD VEIDT AS HE APPEARS IN THE THIRD PHASE.



AS THE VICTIM OF THE INQUISITION: CONRAD VEIDT IN THE FOURTH PHASE OF "THE WANDERING JEW."

It was recently announced that August 26 had been fixed for the revival, at the Princes Theatre, of the late Mr. E. Temple Thurston's most popular play, "The Wandering Jew," with Mr. Matheson Lang again in the leading part, and several other members of the original company who appeared in the first production in 1920. Meanwhile, there has just been completed a talking-film version (here illustrated), which it will be interesting to compare with the play itself. The picture has been produced at the Twickenham Film Studios under the direction of Maurice Elvey, with Conrad Veidt in the title-rôle. The four leading ladies are Anne Gray,

Joan Maude, Marie Ney, and Peggy Ashcroft, the two last making their screen début. The film also includes Basil Gill, Bertram Wallis, Felix Aylmer, Francis L. Sullivan, and John Stuart. The dresses were designed by Lady Queensberry. Covering as it does some 1600 years of history, the story affords ample scope for picturesque treatment, and the film promises to be one of the most ambitious and spectacular yet made in this country. The four phases of the drama take place respectively in Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion, at Antioch during the First Crusade, at Palermo in the thirteenth century, and in Seville during the Inquisition.

THE "COCK-HORSE" IN GREEK ART; AND ROMAN PORTRAIT HEADS: NEW DISCOVERIES IN THE AGORA AT ATHENS.



1. A GREEK PROTOTYPE OF THE "COCK-HORSE" ASSOCIATED WITH BANBURY CROSS? AN ATTIC BLACK-FIGURED SKYPHOS WITH A YOUTH RIDING A HIPPOCENTAUR ("COCK-HORSE") BETWEEN TWO ASTONISHED WOMEN: ONE OF MANY VASES FOUND IN WELL-SHAFTS.

Professor Shear writes: "The third campaign of excavations in the Athenian Agora began in February and continued until July 8. In front of the Royal Stoa were found fragments of two marble statues of a winged Nike. One is fairly well preserved. The head (Fig. 5) is a lovely work. The figure itself is full of life, grace, and action. Its style points to a date at the end of the fifth century B.C. A most unexpected discovery was that of a Mycenaean burial, with three skeletons just beneath the floor level of the classical period. With them were fragmentary vases of the late Mycenaean period, and a gold signet-ring (illustrated on page 328). The Agora is honeycombed with well-shafts, some quite modern, others built in antiquity. One of the most productive was a rectangular cutting in the Thesum Hill, over 59 ft. deep. Nearly all the 217 objects from this deposit date from about the middle of the sixth century to 480 B.C. An interesting example of early black-figured pottery is a two-handled bowl (see page 328) showing Herakles in a chariot, driving a pair of centaurs. A group of ostraka (see page 328) was found, with the names of Aristides, Themistokles, Hipparchos, Megakles, and Hippokrates. The loveliest object from the shaft is a plastic vase in the shape of a kneeling boy (Fig. 3), and dating, perhaps, from the third quarter of the sixth century B.C. Among the great quantity of vases found in other wells is an Attic black-figured skyphos (Fig. 1), which has, on each side, a youth riding a hippocentaur between two women. The year's work was particularly productive in sculpture. A fine Hellenistic example is a triangular base of Pentellic marble. One panel (Fig. 4) is decorated with a female figure, dancing, not unlike a Menad. Of the Roman period is a marble statuette of the Phrygian god Attis (Fig. 2), introduced into Athens in the third century B.C. Several Roman portrait heads well illustrate an art in which the Romans excelled. Fig. 6 suggests an ascetic priest of a mystic cult. The finest portrait is one of the young Augustus (Fig. 7), a masterpiece of Roman art. Another Roman head (Fig. 8), though of different type and of later date, is equally characterised

(Continued on right)



5. THE HEAD OF A BROKEN MARBLE STATUE OF A WINGED NIKE (VICTORY): "A LOVELY WORK" IN A STYLE POINTING TO A DATE AT THE END OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.



6. A COLOSSAL PORTRAIT HEAD WHICH POSSIBLY REPRESENTS THE ROMAN EMPEROR COMMODUS: A PIECE "EXCELLENT IN WORKMANSHIP," LATER IN DATE THAN THE ABOVE-QUOTED HEAD OF AUGUSTUS.



2. A MARBLE STATUETTE OF THE PHRYGIAN GOD ATTIS (ROMAN PERIOD—SECOND TO THIRD CENTURY A.D.).



3. A PLASTIC VASE IN THE FORM OF A KNEELING BOY: "A MASTERPIECE OF ARCHAIC ART" WHICH DATES FROM THE THIRD QUARTER OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.



7. THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS AS A YOUNG MAN: THE FINEST OF THE ROMAN PORTRAIT HEADS RECENTLY FOUND AT ATHENS, WITH THE SURFACE OF THE MARBLE BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED.



4. RELIEF SCULPTURES OF ARCHAIC STYLE ON A PANEL OF A TRIANGULAR BASE: A FIGURE OF A DANCING-GIRL RESEMBLING SOME REPRESENTATIONS OF MENADS IN ANCIENT ART.



8. A MAN OF THE ROMAN REPUBLICAN PERIOD: A PORTRAIT HEAD SUGGESTING THE TYPE OF AN ASCETIC PRIEST OF ONE OF THE MYSTIC CULTS, SHOWING INDIVIDUALITY "NOT WHOLLY AGREEABLE."

(Continued.) by its virility and its originality. This is a colossal head which is perfectly preserved except for a chip at the end of the nose. The hair of the head is abundant and is carefully arranged. The eyebrows are characteristically indicated and the pupils of the eyes have been bored with a drill. The expression of the features is dignified and benign, and they somewhat resemble the portraits of the Emperor Commodus. The head is excellent in workmanship and is impressive in appearance. There is an immense amount of other important material. The inscriptions now exceed one thousand, and many are of great historical importance. There are 24,000 coins, which not only illustrate the coinage history of Athens, but throw light on the foreign relations of the city in their many ramifications. All this material will be published in 'Hesperia,' the journal of the American School at Athens. The excavations will be resumed in January, 1934."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MODERN travel offers infinite scope to holiday-makers who can fare forth unencumbered, and find their pleasure, not in some particular sport or pastime, but in the enjoyment of natural beauty and historic scenes, and in seeing life as it is lived—

Among new men, strange faces, other minds.

I very much doubt whether those who are in a position to do these things realise fully the extent and variety of their potential "playgrounds," or make the most of their opportunities. Too many lack enterprise, curiosity, or the spirit of adventure, content to jog along in the old commonplace grooves—

Unfreed, having seen nothing, still unblest.

Otherwise, there would hardly be, at this time of day, so strong an air of novelty and pioneering about a journey such as that described in "YUGOSLAVIA." A new Country and its People. By Grace Ellison. With forty-nine Photographs, an Illustration from a Water-Colour Drawing by Frank Brangwyn, R.A., and two Sketch-Maps (Lane; 12s. 6d.). Mr. Brangwyn's work, it should be added, is reproduced in black and white, as also are two paintings by Prince Nicholas of Greece.

This is the most beguiling book of European travel that I have met for a long time—sympathetic, shrewd, and unpretentious. The author has an appreciative eye for landscape, architecture, and local character; an understanding of matters political and social; and a quiet sense of humour, including the rare capacity for laughing at herself. She had also the advantage of personal friendship with Balkan royalties, of whose personalities and family life she gives an attractive picture. Incidentally, it is gratifying to learn that the Queen of Yugoslavia "buys all the English illustrated newspapers, which is her own and a very agreeable way of entertaining guests." Miss Ellison speaks with enthusiastic admiration also of Prince and Princess Paul; of the Prince's father-in-law,

sat on the ground, I shall not come to grief in Yugoslavia." And elsewhere she remarks: "That the English who travel abroad are considered stiff is their own fault. They keep themselves so often exclusively to their own set, and are not interested in anyone else. I err on the other side, and speak to everyone who interests me." She is Scottish on her mother's side, and found much affinity between Scotland and Serbia, both in their mountains and in the sadness of their songs, arising from a tragic past. It is, however, with the country's present prospects that she is here concerned, and her purpose is to make known its peculiar charm.



A LATE MYCENÆAN GOLD SIGNET-RING FOUND AT ATHENS, ITS DESIGN—A BULL-HEADED MAN LEADING TWO CAPTIVE WOMEN—RECALLING THE MAIDEN TRIBUTE TO THE MINOTAUR.

This ring was found, during the excavations illustrated on pages 326 and 327, in a Mycenaean burial in the Agora at Athens. The bull-headed man holds in one hand a spear or branch and in the other a double cord fastened to the foremost woman's waist. The women wear Cretan-Mycenaean dress, with neck-ruffs and long flounced skirts. The scene recalls the legend of Athenian maidens sacrificed to the Minotaur in Crete, but a mythological representation at so early a period is surprising. Whatever the interpretation, this ring is an extraordinary object to be found in the Athenian Agora.

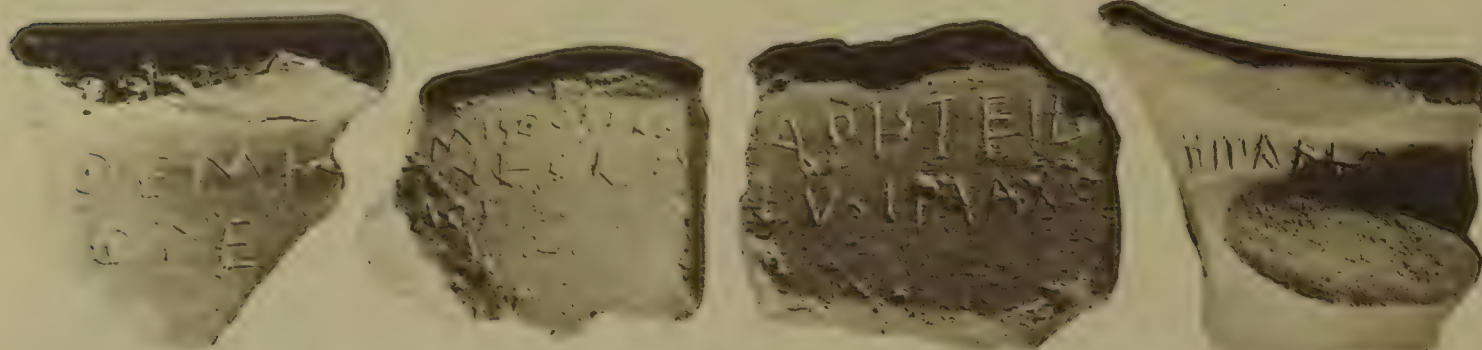
"When I travelled through Yugoslavia," she says, "I had no intention of writing my experiences. I went there to collect material for lectures. To me Yugoslavia was a revelation. . . . For those who want an unconventional holiday off the beaten

treatment of the British Salonika Army. . . . Perhaps it explains also the public's lack of recognition, after the War, of the army's trials and endurances."

It is interesting to trace, in this lucid and vigorous narrative, the military fortunes of the country within which occurred the event that precipitated the World War, and which has since developed into Yugoslavia. The first round went to Serbia. "Men still talk of the 'Miracle of the Marne,'" writes Captain Falls, "where there is little that is miraculous. There would be more justification in talking of the 'Miracle of the Kolubara,' since the Serbian armies had been far more roughly handled and far more shaken than had the French in the weeks preceding their counter-offensive. . . . Serbia had saved herself and delivered her territory. The Serbian Sedan had become a Serbian Marne. The Austrian defeat was indeed catastrophic. . . . and yet the victory of the Kolubara had left the Serbians as exhausted as their enemies. . . . the events of the following spring were to remove the hope of Russian aid and to leave her (Serbia) alone, weakened and discouraged, to face a far more terrible onslaught." These typical passages from the opening chapter indicate the quality of the book. It will, of course, be of intense interest to all who took part in the Salonika expedition, and it deserves to be widely read as revealing a phase of the British Army's effort which has not hitherto perhaps been fully appreciated.

In her account of Yugoslavia, Miss Ellison extols the attractions of the Julian Alps, and draws certain comparisons between them and Norwegian mountains, from the point of view of the climber; which reminds me of a charming little book, also the work of a woman writer, called "THIS IS NORWAY." By Freda Lingstrom. With a Preface by Sir Karl F. Knudsen, K.B.E. Illustrated (Gerald Howe; 5s.). This work strikes a distinctive note in travel literature, combining the features of a guide-book

with those of a volume of essays, while the numerous illustrations, including four paintings by the author given in colour and a number of excellent photographs, are very striking. The descriptive chapters deal with such subjects as Norwegian history and government, literature, legends and folk-lore, art and music. The informative matter comprises a gazetteer, notes on language and money, walking, climbing, wintersports, and the usual particulars regarding travel facilities. The author does not claim, of course, to have given a comprehensive account of Norway within so small a compass, but rather a coherent impression of the country that will whet the appetite for a more detailed study.—C. E. B.



RELICS OF THE OSTRACISM OF ARISTEIDES AND THEMISTOKLES, WITH OTHER FAMOUS ATHENIANS: OSTRAKA (POTSHERDS) RECENTLY FOUND AT ATHENS BEARING THE NAMES (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) OF (1 AND 2) THEMISTOKLES; (3) ARISTEIDES AND LYSIMACHOS; (4) HIPPARCHOS.

The recent excavations at Athens (illustrated on pages 326 and 327) yielded ostraka bearing the names of famous Athenians banished under the law of ostracism, designed originally to rid the city of the dominant Peisistratid family. The citizens assembled once a year in the Agora and scratched on a potsherd (ostrakon) the name of anyone they wished to exile. At least 6000 votes had to be cast. The man who received most had to leave Athens for ten years. The law was first invoked, in 487 B.C., against Hipparchos, a leading Peisistratid, and one of the votes cast is here shown. The most celebrated Athenian ostracised was Aristides "the Just," in 483 B.C. Four ballots against him have now been found—the first ever discovered—and four against his great rival, Themistokles. Mistakes in the spelling of names on the ostraka lend credibility to the familiar story that Aristides, mingling with the crowd in the Agora during a ballot, was asked by an illiterate man, who did not know him, to scratch the name "Aristides" on a sherd. Asked what his grievance was, the man said it was only that he was tired of hearing him called "the Just." "It makes history very vivid," says Professor Shear, "to find these historical records in the very place where they must have been thrown shortly after their use."

Illustrations on this page by Courtesy of Professor Theodore Leslie Shear, Director of the Agora Excavations for the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. (See pages 326 and 327 in this number.)

Prince Nicholas of Greece ("a professional artist"); and of King Alexander himself, who has devoted himself heart and soul to the arduous task of national reconstruction. To him the book is dedicated, and it contains an interesting interview with him.

As indicated by the list of her previous books, Miss Ellison has seen much of modern Turkey, where she became personally acquainted with the Ghazi, and her experiences there lend value to her new study of a land that was under Turkish domination for 500 years. By contrast with conditions in Turkey, she was particularly impressed by the religious toleration in Yugoslavia, and in her talk with King Alexander she said: "That the Orthodox Church, the Roman Catholic Church, Moslems, and Jews should each have complete liberty and their own representative at Belgrade is comprehensible, but what has struck me as most exceptional is that all these religious representatives should be paid by the Yugoslav Government. That is extraordinary generosity." "Not at all," answered the King. "Religion is a good investment, and . . . money spent on religion can be marked as a necessity." I had just been telling His Majesty of the Turkish President's attitude towards religion. The King smiled. "Kemal is a cleverer man than I," he said. "I would not like to rule over a country without religion."

Miss Ellison's acquaintance with royalties and other celebrities, such as M. Pasic, the ex-Premier, or Mestrovic, the sculptor, must not be taken to mean that she saw Yugoslavia only from the top. Far from it. In a friendly reference to the British Minister in Belgrade, Sir Neville Henderson, she remarks: "I personally do not come into Sir Neville's classification of women, being neither a society woman, nor a domestic woman, nor a sportswoman, nor a genius. . . . If I could be the guest of primitive Kurds, eating my meal of roasted sheep cooked before us as I

track yet comparatively near home, and at very little expense, it has no equal. . . . I have visited the whole kingdom from end to end, and am still under the spell of its beauty and its immense possibilities."

There are not many references to the Great War in Miss Ellison's book, beyond allusions to King Alexander's leadership of the Serbian forces, and to the tragedy of Serajevo (where she, too, by the way, suffered a misfortune in the "bursting" of her luggage from the back of a car on her arrival at night, and consequent loss of all her travel notes). For an authoritative account of the whole Balkan campaign, from the British point of view, the reader may be referred to a new volume in the official history of the Great War, produced for the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence, entitled, "MILITARY OPERATIONS IN MACEDONIA." From the Outbreak of War to the Spring of 1917. Compiled by Captain Cyril Falls. Maps compiled by Major A. F. Becke. Illustrated (H.M. Stationery Office; 12s. 6d.; with case of maps, 5s. 6d. extra). This is the first of two volumes dealing with the subject, and carries the story down to the battle of Doiran, while on the political side it includes the dethronement of King Constantine of Greece.

Captain Falls points out that it has been necessary to deal more fully with politics than was done in the volumes on Egypt and Palestine. "In the Macedonian theatre," he explains, "British, French, Serbian, Italian, Russian, and Greek troops served together, and the general control of operations was in French hands. The divergence of British and French policies affected the whole course of the campaign. The comparative inaction of the British contingent . . . was due to instructions from Whitehall. These instructions cannot be comprehended unless the attitude of the Government and the General Staff . . . is made clear. This attitude also helps to explain the



HERAKLES DRIVING A PAIR OF CENTAURS: AN ATTIC BLACK-FIGURED BOWL (MIDDLE OF SIXTH CENTURY B.C.).

Describing his discoveries at Athens (illustrated on pages 326 and 327), Professor Shear writes: "An interesting example of early black-figured pottery is this two-handled bowl. On one side Herakles is seen in a chariot, driving a pair of centaurs. He wears the lion's skin belted round his waist, and brandishes the club with his right hand, while holding the reins in the left. The scene in the narrow upper panel is a combat between a bull and a lion. This vase is of particular importance."

After a Water-Colour by Piet de Jong.

LEAVES FROM LIFE: A NEW SERIES OF STUDIES BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.



"COVENT GARDEN."



"FISH-PORTERS; BILLINGSGATE."

We here continue our second series of drawings of English life by Edmund Blampied. Our readers will recall that we have already reproduced six examples from the new set—showing archery competitions, yacht-racing at Cowes, two contrasting

studies of infant Londoners, and two typical London summer scenes. Here we give drawings of the picturesque side of things in the Metropolis; for both Covent Garden and Billingsgate are to a certain extent communities by themselves.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

STARFISH HUNTING, AND THE DELIGHTS OF THE SEASIDE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

SO far as our homeland is concerned, fortunate are they who can escape to the seaside during August and September. But for the most part they who gather there regard the sea simply as a large swimming-bath, and prefer a "promenade" to the shore as Nature made it.

Their unspoken comment seems to be: "In the country you find trees, and by the sea you find—well, the sea." What more is to be said about it? Possibly in the days of the Stone Age there were men who lived in the country simply because they had to. These were the men, probably, who sought relief from boredom by making stone axes, and dressing skins for their neighbours, leaving the hunting for those who liked it.

These two types possibly furnished the material which has given rise to our civilisation. The stone axe makers and the skin-dressers and, later, the makers of all sorts of weapons and tools and houses and their furnishings, gathered together to form villages, which grew into towns and from towns into cities, with all their splendours and horrors.

Those of us who prefer the wilds of Nature to the haunts of men must be of that old Stone Age hunting stock; though we do not hunt with their incentive. For they had to hunt or starve. That stern necessity, however, was indeed good for them. The successful hunter was the man who had an inherent aptitude for observation, patience, and the ability to draw deductions. And these same qualities, in varying degrees, mark those who take up the study of Natural History either as a recreation or as a "calling."

every corner of the earth, hence they, too, will find, I hope, something to interest them, and their standards of comparison will be our British species.

It is to be noted that all the main types of starfish living in our seas to-day are to be traced

have differed from that of to-day. This being so, then, since we find that the splitting up of a common type into many had already taken place several millions of years ago, the "environment," as such, cannot be the agency which begat these several departures along many different lines. Probably the most important agent in this process of transformation is change of habit. Necessity, or choice, may induce a change of food, and the location of that food. Slowly and surely, new stimuli, incessant in their contact, bring about structural changes determined by the nature of the stimuli.

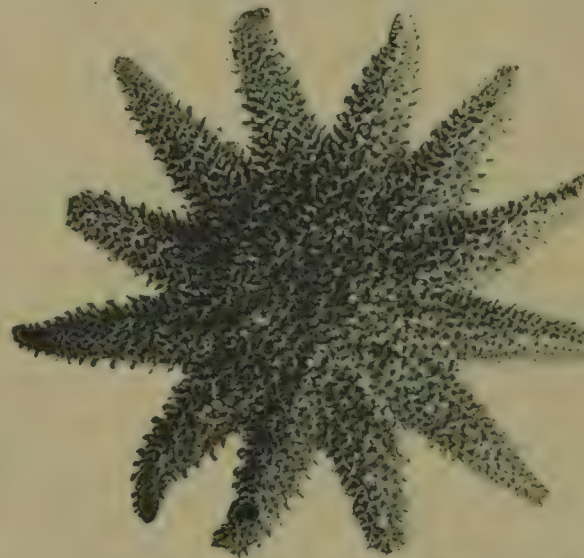
The common starfish is to be found all round the coast. But why is it that the more handsome and vastly larger spiny starfish (*Asterias glacialis*), which may measure over 2 ft. across the arms, is to be found only west of Plymouth in the English Channel, and on the west coast; since, so far as we can see, the nature of the food in the two species differs but little. The short-armed starfish (*Asterina gibbosa*) is another to be found at low tide on the south and west coasts of England. It has short arms, and hunts on the underside of stones for sponges and sea-squirts, on which it feeds. The beautiful scarlet common sun-star (*Cribrella sanguinolenta*) is another to be found between tide-marks, especially on the north-east coast. It is an especially interesting starfish, because it occurs at all depths from between tide-marks to 1000 fathoms. If "environment" were the sole agent in inducing change of form, specimens from the deep water should differ from those taken between tide-marks; they do not. It is further remarkable for the fact that it lays



1. THE BIRD'S-FOOT CUSHION-STAR (*PALMIPES*): A SPECIES IN WHICH THE ARMS HARDLY PROJECT AT ALL. The cushion-star looks like a five-sided cushion. To the touch, it feels smooth, owing to the spines being buried in a thick, gelatinous setting. Cloudy-white or yellow markings, contrasting with the scarlet body, are formed by delicate breathing-tubes.

back to geological formations as far as the Lower Devonian. That is to say that, though there are some species now living which seem to have been comparatively recently evolved, the majority have an ancestry going back millions of years. Of periods so vast we can form no real mental estimate. What the ancestors of the most ancient of these were like we shall never know; for we cannot escape the conclusion that as the adult forms are so like those of our own times, they must have had a precisely similar larval stage in every case. And these larvæ are not only very minute, but exceedingly frail, and such as "died in infancy" would leave no trace behind them.

This persistence in the matter of their form and structure, differing little, if at all, from ancestors which lived æons ago, is more than surprising. It urges caution on the part of many investigators to-day who attribute structural changes, of whatever kind, to "adaptations to the environment." Now the inanimate environment, in so far as its physical conditions are concerned, at any rate, can scarcely



3. A STARFISH TO BE FOUND BETWEEN TIDE-MARKS ON THE EAST COAST OF ENGLAND: THE SUNSTAR (*SOLASTER PAPPUS*); DISTINGUISHED BY THE NUMBER OF ITS ARMS, WHICH ARE GENERALLY TWELVE, BUT SOMETIMES MORE; AND, BY ITS RED, OR ORANGE, COLOUR.



2. ANOTHER STARFISH FOUND ON ENGLISH REACHES: *CRIBRELLA SANGUINOLENTA* (SCARLET IN COLOUR), WHICH HAS A GREAT RANGE AND APPEARS TO DO EQUALLY WELL IN SHORE WATERS OR AT 1000 FATHOMS DOWN, WITHOUT UNDERGOING ANY CHANGE OF STRUCTURE.

Just now I have in mind those who modestly describe themselves as "amateur naturalists," and the boys and girls who are inspired by them. The annual holiday for them is a source of threefold joy. It sustains by anticipation, invigorates by realisation, and leaves behind an enlarged knowledge which assures a deeper insight into the mysteries of life.

Enthusiasts such as I have in mind will see to it that they have their full mead of bathing and swimming, but probably, "far from the madding crowd." And after they will stay, perchance, for a rest and to await the ebbing of the tide and the advent of the rock-pools.

These, especially on our South coasts, are teeming with life; so much so, that I must here concentrate on one type only, and that shall be the starfish. My choice has this advantage, that starfish are to be picked up on beaches where there are no rock-pools.

So far as our own coasts go the species to be found are not many; and of these again some are only to be obtained by dredging in relatively deep water. Yet these, and others from tropical and other seas in various parts of the world, must find mention, for they are to furnish us with valuable standards of comparison. Moreover, this page has readers in



4. ONE OF THE LARGEST STARFISH: THE SPINY SEA-STAR (*ASTERIAS GLACIALIS*), CLINGING TO THE GLASS OF AN AQUARIUM (LEFT); AND (RIGHT) A COMMON STARFISH (*ASTERIAS RUBENS*).

The spiny sea-star is to be sought below low-water mark; while the largest specimens, with arms 14 in. long and 2 in. wide, are to be taken only in deep water; thirty fathoms or more. The body is armed with large spines set in the middle of a cushion of pedicellaria—the tiny pincers used to remove dirt from the body.—[Photograph by F. W. Bond.]

large eggs which develop rapidly. The larva, again, is peculiar since it never swims at the surface after the manner of starfish-larvæ, but glides along the sea-floor. Yet another and particularly interesting species which may well be found is *Astropecten irregularis*, for it is common on the coasts of Britain. In the first place, the tube-feet so conspicuous along the deep grooves which run along the underside of each arm have no suckers. As a consequence, it cannot climb over rocks and stones like an ordinary starfish, but runs along the surface of the hard sand on which it lives with ease; the tube-feet terminating in points instead of suckers. But more than this. The loss of these suckers has profoundly changed the method of feeding. The ordinary starfish seizes a shell-fish between its arms, and, raising itself on their tips, holds the victim as in a tent, while the suckers pull the shell apart. The stomach is then forced out through the mouth and so envelopes and dissolves the soft body. *Astropecten*, having no suckers, has to swallow such prey whole, and its victim, once inside, is compelled by a feeling of suffocation, sooner or later to open its valves, when digestion at once begins. This is a species which will only be found at very low water, in deep rock-pools, and farther out.



Caddie: "Your Tee is ready Sir"

Absent Minded Golfer: "No thanks I'll have a GUINNESS"



Conventional as to control, this V-8, but a car of quite a new kind as to performance and performance-refinement. A postcard will bring you a V-8 catalogue.

FESTIVAL AND "PASSING BELL": A CONTRAST IN SAILING-SHIPS.



ONE OF THE FEW SURVIVORS OF THE OLD SAILING-VESSELS ILLUMINATED IN THE HARBOUR AT STOCKHOLM: A PICTURESQUE VIEW OF THE BARQUE "L'AVENIR," RECENTLY EMPLOYED ON A PLEASURE CRUISE AND NOW ADDED TO THE ERIKSON FLEET FOR THE AUSTRALIAN GRAIN TRADE.

This illustration of a sailing-ship still using the ocean forms an interesting contrast to that, given below, of the old "Arethusa," now consigned to the shipbreakers. A note supplied with the above photograph states: "Only a few of the old, proud sailing-vessels are still to be seen on the seas. This barque, 'L'Avénir,' dressed for festival, recently lying in the harbour of Stockholm, is provided with cabins for passengers, and went for a trip in the Baltic with a number of tourists on board.

She is of 2753 tons gross, and was formerly a training-ship of the Belgian State. Now she has been acquired by Mr. Gustaf Erikson, of Mariehamn, Åland, Finland. Mr. Erikson owns twenty-four large sailing-ships, each of several thousand tons, the biggest fleet of such vessels in the world. They usually make long journeys, with cargoes, to and from Australia." The annual "race" for the quickest voyage has often been a subject of illustration in our pages.



THE LAST NAVAL VESSEL TO GO INTO ACTION UNDER SAIL: THE FAMOUS OLD "ARETHUSA," FOR THE PAST SIXTY YEARS USED AS A TRAINING-SHIP FOR POOR BOYS, ON HER LAST VOYAGE FROM HER MOORINGS AT GREENHITHE TO A SHIPBREAKING YARD AT WOOLWICH TO BE BROKEN UP.

The old "Arethusa," in which, during the past sixty years, some 12,000 poor boys have been trained for the Navy and Merchant Marine, made her last voyage on August 21, when she was towed from Greenhithe to be broken up in the yard of Castle's Shipbreaking Company, Ltd., at Woolwich. The "Arethusa," the fourth of her name in the annals of the Navy, and the last naval vessel to go into action under sail, was launched as a 50-gun frigate in 1849, and during twenty-five years of active

service she took part in the bombardment of Odessa and Sebastopol in the Crimean War. Her passing removes one more link with the old "wooden walls of England." Her figurehead has been retained as a memento by the Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship, and is to be placed in the porch of a swimming-bath which has been built at Upnor, near the new "Arethusa," recently berthed in the Medway to carry on the work of training.

A SIAMESE "HARVEST FESTIVAL": OFFERINGS AT THE "SAARD" CEREMONY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. A. FREEMAN; AND BY COURTESY OF ASIA MAGAZINE.

THE approach of the season of harvest festivals lends interest to these photographs illustrating a custom of somewhat similar purpose in Siam. The Siamese, as Southern Buddhists, pride themselves on their orthodoxy, and after Burma and Ceylon ceased to be independent, the King of Siam was regarded as the sole surviving defender of the faith. The chief manifestation of Buddhism in Siam is monasticism; and monasteries are numerous. There live the priests and monks who are learned in the Buddhist scriptures—erudite Pali-scholars; while almost the whole elementary education of the country, especially in the rural districts, is in the hands of the Buddhist monks. There is little public worship in Siam—but religious and semi-religious ceremonies and festivals play a large part in Siamese life—few weeks going by without some

[Continued opposite.



Continued.]

procession or function. Cremations of princes and great people, ceremonies which have been more than once illustrated in our pages, are the occasion of public festivities and are celebrated with processions and theatrical shows, illuminations and fireworks. Above we illustrate some of the offerings made at the Siamese "Saard" ceremony, a kind of harvest festival, held in the early autumn, at which the Siamese Princes bring to the Aramindra Palace bowls and other receptacles containing ceremonial cakes for the priests. Each of these offerings is the work of a painstaking artist. Practically all those seen here—not only the towers, but even the human figure (though not the electric fan)—are constructed with much ingenuity from vegetables and fruits. Great honour accrues to the donor of the one judged best by the King.



MADE OF CONFECTIONERY AND SURMOUNTED WITH A BANNER: A SIAMESE "HARVEST-FESTIVAL" OFFERING.

AN OFFERING AT THE "SAARD" FESTIVAL IN SIAM: AN IMP IN A TEAPOT.



ONE OF THE OFFERINGS SUBMITTED IN A "COMPETITION BETWEEN PRINCES," IN WHICH THE KING OF SIAM WAS JUDGE.



A TOWER MADE OF CONFECTIONERY: A TRIUMPH OF SIAMESE SWEETMEAT-MAKING BROUGHT TO THE ARAMINDRA PALACE.



INCLUDING AN ELECTRIC FAN (WHICH IS NOT MADE OF CONFECTIONERY): A GROUP OF OFFERINGS AT THE "SAARD" FESTIVAL.



TO US INCONGRUOUS AS A RELIGIOUS SUBJECT: AN AEROPLANE AS THE SUBJECT OF A "SAARD" FESTIVAL OFFERING.



A BUDDHA FIGURE, WITH A PAGODA-SHAPED VASE AND OTHER OFFERINGS: INGENUOUS STRUCTURES COMPOSED OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

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Advance Models for the Autumn Season are now ready for customers' inspection.

Special Between-Seasons' Prices prevail in order to keep our workrooms busy during August. In the Tea Gown Salon a special feature is made of Gowns for the figure of fuller proportions.

These Models are designed on long, slimming lines.



A becoming shape for the larger head in handsome "Butterfly" Chenille.

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TEA GOWN SALON ON FIRST FLOOR.

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THE curtain, embroidered in silk or linen, of which a portion only is shown in Fig. 1, has recently been acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is not a piece of extraordinary importance, and several well-known collectors possess similar and not less charming examples. Its colouring, green, pink and gold, is delightful and defies reproduction in monochrome: you see here the pattern only, and if that alone is not sufficient to charm your eyes I must ask you to bring your imagination into play and try to visualise how it actually looks in the delicate colours mentioned above. Having, in our mind's eye, thus ravished our senses, let us consider the date of this curtain. It is catalogued, very reasonably, as early seventeenth century, reign of James I., and we are also informed that its "naturalistic floral designs are characteristic of English sixteenth and seventeenth century embroidery and were probably influenced by the Herbals then popular. Further, the pattern books and the sheets of printed designs then being issued provided not only designs of flowers such as these, but also of insects, birds, etc., to be imitated in embroidery and other forms of art." This is an excellent summary of the means by which our ancestors were inspired to undertake those long hours

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

EARLY AND LATE ENGLISH NEEDLEWORK.

By FRANK DAVIS.



1. A CHARMING PIECE OF ENGLISH EMBROIDERY DATING FROM THE REIGN OF JAMES I.: SILK-WORK IN GREEN, PINK, AND GOLD, ON LINEN, OF FLOWERS AND FRUITS INTERSPERSED WITH BUTTERFLIES, CATERPILLARS, AND (RIGHT) A SQUIRREL NIBBLING A NUT.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Crown Copyright reserved.

of a devoted needlewoman spending long hours over a meticulously finished series of designs. The design is by Robert Adam himself for one of the rooms at Newliston, a mansion built by him in West Lothian and now demolished.

The style is that of the decorations of long-buried Pompeii: the method used is curious and, I rather think, unique. The pattern was cut out of felt, which was then painted, and the details—such as the veins of the vine leaves—were indicated by stitches: the whole was applied to the background of silk, and the several panels were all worked in this fashion by Lady Mary Hogg. It is, of course, rather unfair to ask anyone to judge the effect of large panels of this character from a necessarily small reproduction: I can only say that one obtains from the originals an impression of austere and graceful coherence which does nothing to diminish one's admiration for Adam's skill in adapting the idiom of the distant past to the exigencies of a severely practical present.

From one point of view these Adam decorations can be considered as substitutes for tapestry; from

another as a late eighteenth-century experiment in putting needlework—or what then might pass for needlework—back upon the walls. I may perhaps remind readers of this page that the average Tudor house almost certainly contained more pictures in needlework than in oils, and that in the second half of the eighteenth century, when at long last the English really had learnt how to paint, there grew up an extra-ordinary vogue for needlework imitations of well-known pictures. I see I quoted what follows more than two years ago, but no excuse is necessary for its repetition in the present connection.

There were a number of women who achieved great skill in this odd and, it should be added, charming occupation, among them Miss Linwood (1755-1845), of whom the Library of Anecdotes writes as follows: "The ladies of Great Britain may boast in the person of Miss Linwood of an example of the force and energy of the female mind, free from any of those ungraceful manners which have in some cases accompanied strength of genius in women. Miss Linwood has awaked from its long sleep the art which gave birth to painting, and the needle in her hand has become a formidable rival to the pencil." We are assured that the good lady—bless her!—was offered three thousand guineas for her needlework reproduction of Carlo Dolci's "Salvator Mundi"—and refused it!



2. A FINE PIECE OF ELIZABETHAN PETIT-POINT: PART OF A VALANCE, WHICH WAS FOUND USED AS STUFFING IN A WILLIAM AND MARY SETTEE!

Reproduction by Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby.

of labour which produced such charming results, but it implies also—and this is rather the point of this note—the extreme difficulty of fixing the date of a piece such as this to any given decade. Both in the reign of Elizabeth and later, these amusing little insects and butterflies and squirrels amid a series of flowers and foliage arranged in no particular set pattern but spaced out fairly closely over the surface to be covered were copied in their hundreds, and it seems to me a matter of extreme niceness, not to say impossibility, to be quite sure that any given piece of this character is 1580 or 1650. For some reason or other, it always sounds more important to date a work of art as far back as possible; but how can one be certain of this early dating? People lived at a different tempo in those days, and pattern books would surely be handed down from mother to daughter, and daughter to granddaughter. It is more than likely that this piece was made in the reign of James I., but it might have been produced twenty years earlier—and can anyone prove that it is not the work of someone fifty years later? I don't suggest that the latter possibility is very likely, but I do plead for the application of a less rigid formula to such work as this, and would be inclined to say, not "reign of James I.," but "in the style which became popular by the reign of James I." Perhaps someone who violently disagrees with this rather vague theory will be good enough to let me have his or her views upon the matter?

There is no such problem in the case of a petit-point valance similar to that of Fig. 2, for a later needlewoman would scarcely reproduce the costumes of an earlier generation—if only for the reason that

in the seventeenth century there was little or no sentimental feeling for the past—Sir Walter Scott and the romantics were yet undreamt of. The dresses alone, apart from the style, are sufficient to enable us to fix a date of about 1600 for this piece and its fellows, which came up for sale at Sotheby's in June last. This valance—about eleven feet in length—(I illustrate only a portion) has survived the passage of the years in a very odd way. It was found as part of the stuffing of a William and Mary settee, beneath three coverings of later brocades, and had, of course, been cut to fit. It is a typical example of Elizabethan, or possibly Jacobean, fantasy.

With Fig. 3 we move forward nearly two centuries to something very extraordinary and which, from one point of view, is scarcely to be considered needlework at all. It must be looked upon as the ingenious scheme of a great architect and decorator rather than as the work

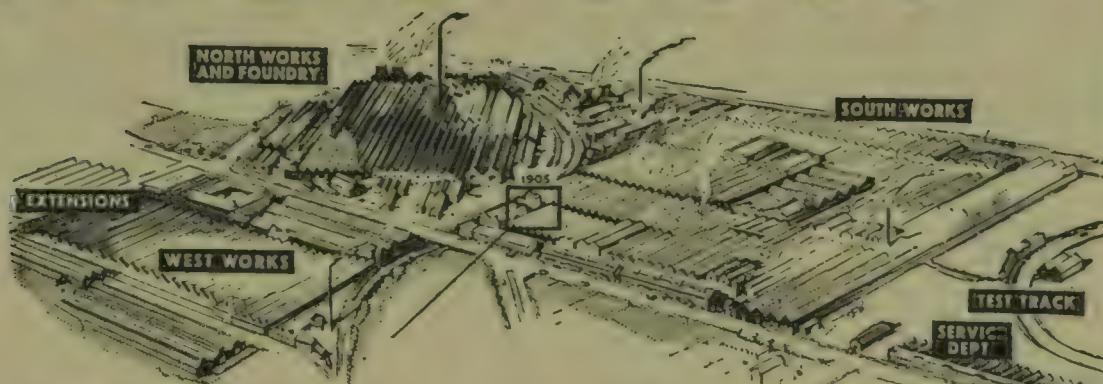


3. AN EXAMPLE OF A CURIOUS EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY TECHNIQUE WHICH PRODUCED THE EQUIVALENT OF NEEDLEWORK OR TAPESTRY: A PATTERN WORKED BY LADY MARY HOGG, TO A DESIGN OF ROBERT ADAM, IN PAINTED FELT APPLIQUÉ ON A SILK BACKGROUND.

Reproduction by Courtesy of Albert Amor, Ltd., St. James's Street, S.W.1.

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H. Austin.

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- SYNCHROMESH GEARBOX ON ALL MODELS
- CROSS-BRACED FRAMES
- ALTERNATIVE ENGINES
- NEW SIXTEEN SALOON ON LONG WHEELBASE
- NEW TWELVE-SIX SALOON ON DROP FRAME
- DIRECTION INDICATORS ON ALL MODELS

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Two *Alternative Engine Ratings* are available in the Sixteen range, *without extra charge*, namely the usual 16 h.p. power unit, or an entirely new higher powered engine rated at 18 h.p.—while in the Twelve-Six range the choice of either a 13.9 h.p. or a 15.9 h.p. engine is offered . . .

An entirely *New Sixteen Saloon on a long wheelbase* of 10 ft. is introduced—a car still more spacious and handsome, and with considerably improved riding quality . . . Also a new body, the *Ascot*, on the Twelve-Six drop-frame, cross-braced chassis, provides a car of finer appearance, better all-round performance, greater stability and road-holding qualities—a car specifically designed for easy cleaning . . .

Then there are the new *Sports Models*—an attractive Ten-Four Sports Tourer, and a handsome low-built Greyhound speed-saloon on the special Twelve-Six chassis. With these, the Twelve-Six Sports Tourer and Sports Seven Two-Seater, Austin now offers a notable sports range . . .

Also in the new programme, which provides a choice of 50 distinct models, there are many other developments including improved brakes, new axles, and supplementary refinements such as metal covers to the spare wheels, new interior visors and direction indicators.

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Saloon (Fixed Head) - -	£118
Four-seater Tourer - -	£112 10s.
Two-seater Tourer - - -	£105
Sports Two-seater - - -	£152

AUSTIN TEN-FOUR

Saloon De Luxe - - -	£172 10s.
Saloon (Fixed Head) - -	£158
Cabriolet - - - - -	£178
Open Road Four-seater -	£152
Two-seater - - - - -	£152
Sports Tourer - - - - -	£215

AUSTIN LIGHT TWELVE-FOUR

Ascot Saloon De Luxe - -	£218
Harley Saloon De Luxe -	£208
Saloon (Fixed Head) - -	£188
Open Road Tourer - -	£172 10s.
Eton Two-seater - - -	£172 10s.

AUSTIN TWELVE

Berkeley Saloon - - - -	£295
Saloon (Fixed Head) - -	£275
Westminster Saloon - -	£325
Open Road Tourer - - -	£265
Harrow Two-seater - - -	£265

SIX-CYLINDER MODELS

AUSTIN LIGHT TWELVE-SIX

(with 13.9 h.p. or 15.9 h.p. engine)

Ascot Saloon De Luxe - -	£235
Harley Saloon De Luxe -	£225
Saloon (Fixed Head) - -	£205
Open Road Tourer - - -	£200
Eton Two-seater - - - -	£200
Sports Tourer - - - - -	£275
Greyhound Sports Saloon -	£305

AUSTIN SIXTEEN

(with 16 h.p. engine or new 18 h.p. engine)

Carlton Saloon - - - -	£328
(Long Wheelbase - 10 ft.)	
Iver Saloon (with division)	£338
(Long Wheelbase - 10 ft.)	
Berkeley Saloon - - - -	£318
Westminster Saloon - -	£348
Open Road Tourer - - -	£295
Harrow Two-seater - - -	£295

AUSTIN TWENTY

Ranelagh Limousine - -	£595
(11 ft. 4 in. Wheelbase)	
Ranelagh Landaulette -	£595
(11 ft. 4 in. Wheelbase)	
Whitehall Saloon - - -	£515
(10 ft. Wheelbase)	

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OUR MECHANICAL AGE: MOTOR-CAR, MOTOR-CYCLE, AND AEROPLANE NEWS.



THE FIRST MOTOR-CAR IN SOUTH AFRICA, THIRTY-SIX YEARS AGO: A GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED BY PRESIDENT KRUGER TO MR. J. P. HESS.

The medal illustrated here was presented to Mr. Hess, who introduced the first motor-car into South Africa, by President Kruger himself, who, however, stoutly refused to be taken for a ride! The inscription reads: "Presented by His Excellency Paul Kruger, State President of the South African Republic, to Mr. J. P. Hess, on Monday, 4 January, 1897, in commemoration of his introduction of the first motor-car into South Africa." The car was a Benz.



A NAVAL MOTOR-CYCLING EVENT: CADET ARBUTHNOT, A RELATIVE OF THE DONOR, ON A STIFF TEST HILL ON BAGSHOT HEATH, IN THE ARBUTHNOT TROPHY RACE.

The Arbuthnot Motor-Cycle Race, held in memory of Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Keith Arbuthnot (who was killed at Jutland), was contested for by naval officers at Bagshot Heath on August 16. The race is a solo motor-cycle trial. There were only nine entries, the lowest number on record. The course was over fifteen miles of rough heath and woodland, and included stretches of long grass and deep sand. It had to be covered four times. The trophy was awarded to Lieut. B. R. Faunthorpe, of H.M.S. "Rodney," whose margin of error was eleven seconds and one stop. Sub-Lieut. Vernon-Jeffreys, of the R.N.E. College, last year's winner, was second.



A NEW DEPARTURE IN MOTOR-CARS: A COMPLETELY STREAMLINED "AEROPLANE CAR," PERFECTED IN THE U.S.A., AND CLAIMED TO BE CAPABLE OF 120 M.P.H.

A correspondent writes: "Mr. Frank T. Coffyn, the former airman, who was taught to fly by the Wright Brothers, and was the first man to fly under Brooklyn Bridge (right), is shown with a new type of automobile, built like an aeroplane, which was tested at Roosevelt Field on August 11. The car has a top speed of 120 m.p.h., goes 30 miles to the gallon, and is of 'teardrop' design, being completely streamlined."



THE FINISH OF THE ULSTER GRAND PRIX AT CLADY CIRCUIT, BELFAST: THE WINNER, STANLEY WOODS, RIDING IN AT NEARLY NINETY MILES AN HOUR.

The Ulster Grand Prix was won for the fourth time, at Belfast, on August 19, by Stanley Woods, who was riding a Norton motor-cycle in the 500 c.c. class. He covered the last lap at a speed of 87.43 m.p.h. Walter Rusk, also on a Norton, was second; and G. E. Nott, on a Rudge, third. The Grosvenor Trophy was won on a 350 c.c. Norton. The 350 c.c. class was won on a Velocette; and the 250 c.c. class on a New Imperial.



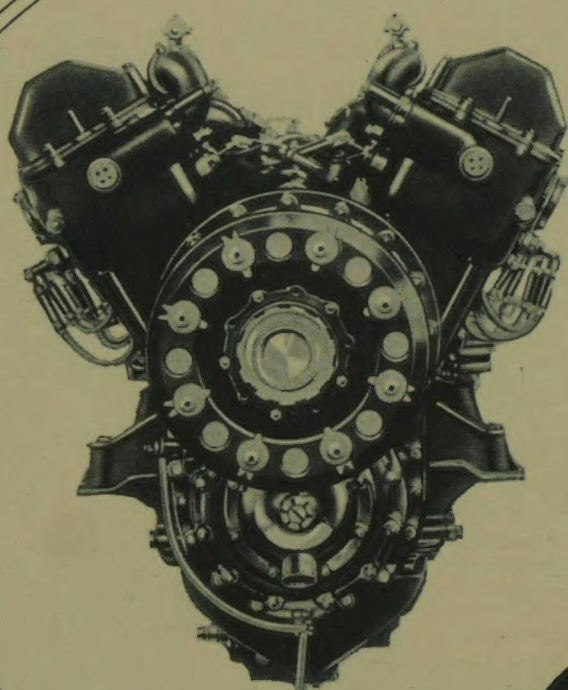
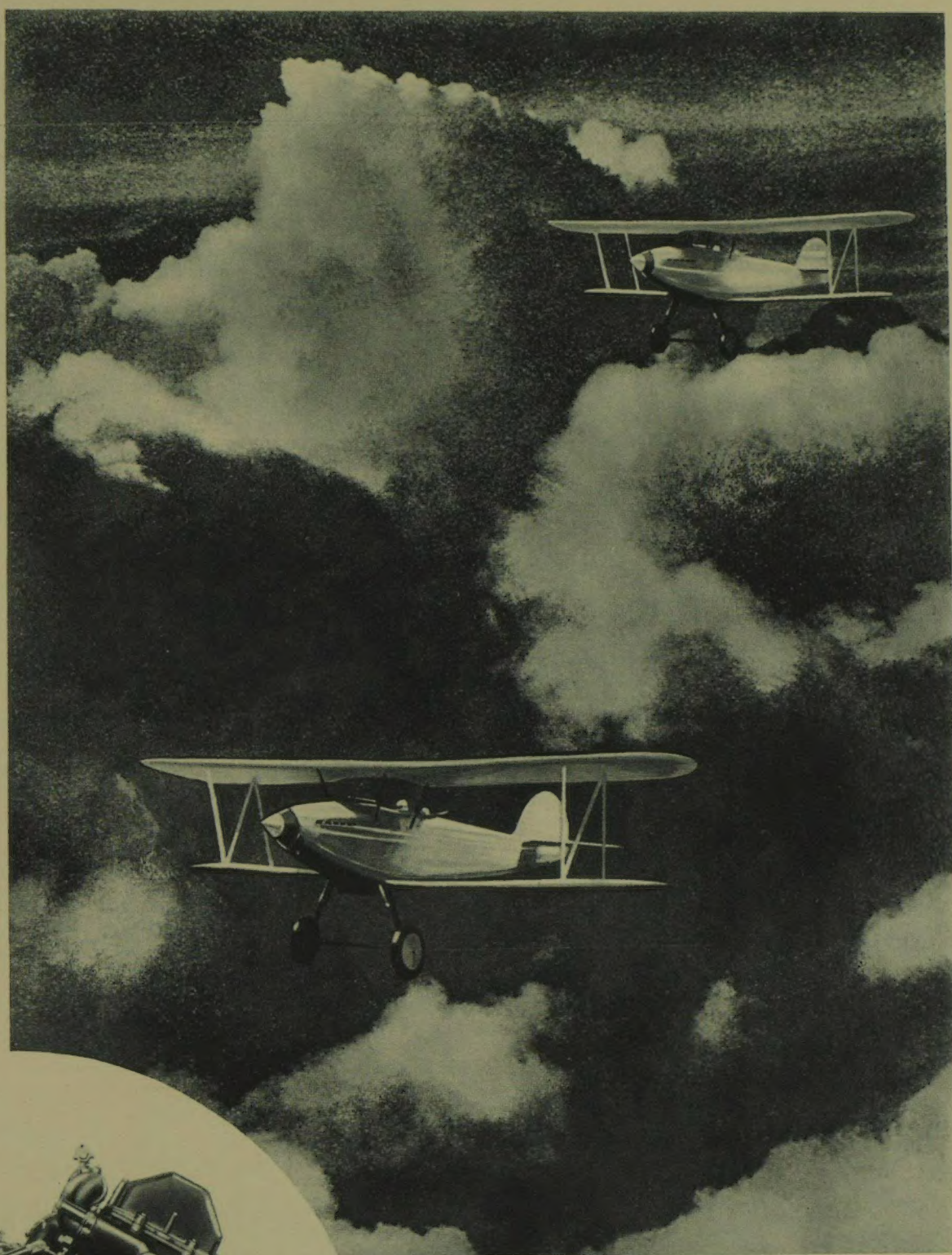
THE ARBUTHNOT TROPHY RACE ON BAGSHOT HILL: LIEUTENANT FAUNTHORPE, OF H.M.S. "RODNEY," THE WINNER, AT AN AWKWARD MOMENT ON THE STIFF COURSE.



MR. MOLLISON CONTEMPLATES A NEW FLIGHT: THE AIRMAN (RECENTLY RETURNED FROM AMERICA) EXAMINING THE DISMANTLED ENGINE OF "SEAFARER."

Mr. J. A. Mollison received an enthusiastic welcome when he reached Plymouth on August 17, from New York. In a statement, Mr. Mollison said he hoped their new machine would be ready when Mrs. Mollison returned in a fortnight's time, and, if the weather was favourable, they would try and beat the new French record. Parts of the old "Seafarer," it is understood, will be used again in the new plane.

TWO HAWKER "FURIES"
ROLLS-ROYCE "KESTREL" ENGINES



ROLLS-ROYCE "KESTREL" ENGINE

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Notes From a Traveller's Log-Book

By EDWARD E. LONG C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

IT is interesting to note that, since the German Government placed a ban on German tourist traffic with Austria, inland travel has increased from 10 per cent. to 15 per cent. The railways have lowered their fares; the bigger hotels are helping the smaller ones, especially those in the mountain districts; and, generally, there is a national travel effort to retrieve the situation. Prices have been cut



IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES: LAKE LOUISE, ONE OF THE FINEST OF NATURE'S MIRRORS.

In the clear waters of Lake Louise are reflected the snows of the mountains, the greens of the tree- and grass-clad slopes, the bright hues of flower-spangled meads, and the blue of the sky.

drastically all round to attract the foreign visitor, and this has resulted, according to reports from the Tyrol, in a large increase in the numbers of British tourists there: in fact, it is said that Great Britain has "saved the season" for Austria! One hopes this is correct, and certainly holiday travel in Austria just now is an attractive proposition, particularly for the hiker, since, in consequence

of special arrangements having been made for those in search of a walking holiday, it is possible to obtain a comfortable bed and breakfast almost anywhere in Austria for half-a-crown! A third-class return ticket to Feldkirch, on the frontier, is under £7, the journey occupies only twenty-four hours, and a very warm welcome awaits anyone travelling to Austria from this country.

The popularity of the ocean cruise is encouraging the development of new centres of tourist activity. One of the latest of these is Agadir, the most southerly town on the Atlantic coast, in French Morocco, and the place which sprang into prominence during the Moroccan crisis of 1911. Agadir is soon to have a very modern hotel, and a golf course, and there is to be built up a new town, which, eventually, may become a popular tourist and travel resort generally, for it is close to the lofty range of mountains known as the High Atlas, with very fine scenery, and interesting



TYPICAL OF THE CHARMING AND DIVERSIFIED SCENERY AUSTRIA OFFERS TOURISTS: A VIEW OF ST. GILGEN AM ABERSEE, A BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN AND LAKESIDE RESORT.

hill-folk. Here, too, one is very close to the great Sahara, and the sight of the caravans bringing their wares to the coast should prove sufficiently alluring to all who wish to see something of what may be termed the romantic side of desert life.

Those who intend travelling to the Far East, or to Australia and New Zealand, whether for business or for pleasure, would do well to consider

cared for, in special homes, by the Ministry of the Interior, and all able-bodied beggars will be arrested and be liable to a year's imprisonment. Which is as it should be.

An interesting little brochure is issued by the newly-formed Barbadoes Publicity Committee, setting forth the advantages of wintering in the charming little West Indian island of Barbadoes—the most easterly of the islands lying in the Caribbean Sea, and hence the most exposed to the cooling and bracing influence of the north-east trade wind, which blows steadily throughout the winter months. Barbadoes has some of the finest sea-bathing in the West Indies, and possesses great historical charm—as the scene of the first sugar-growing experiments in the Empire, in the days of Charles I., when the planters took sides as Cavaliers and Roundheads, and fought each other! Fast steamers enable one to reach Barbadoes in ten days from Plymouth, and good hotel accommodation on the island makes either a short or a long stay a very pleasant experience.

Travellers to East Africa will be interested to learn that the British India Steam Navigation Company have inaugurated a service of "saloon ships" to East African ports, carrying passengers at a single range of fares, and giving them the run of the ship—saloons, promenade, shelter decks, and so forth. The innovation should prove exceedingly popular, and it should render more attractive the idea of a winter trip to Uganda, Kenya, and Tanganyika.



AT BRIDGETOWN, THE CHIEF PORT AND CAPITAL OF BARBADOES, BRITISH WEST INDIES: THE ROADS, WHERE OCEAN-GOING STEAMERS ANCHOR, AND THE HARBOUR.

the question of taking what is termed the "Empire Short Route," westwards, over the Atlantic by fast Empress and Duchess liners, across Canada by Canadian Pacific fast transcontinental trains, and over the Pacific by Empress liners to China and Japan, or by Canadian-Australasian liners to Australia and New Zealand, and thus save a considerable amount of time on their journey. Stop-over facilities are granted which enable those who have the time to do so to view the Niagara Falls and the Canadian Rockies, a great boon to lovers of magnificent scenery—and the whole of the way one travels British. All particulars on application to the Canadian Pacific Offices, Charing Cross, W.C.

All those who are contemplating residence, or a tour, in Egypt this



AT VICHY, WHICH IS ENJOYING A MOST SUCCESSFUL SEASON: THE GALERIE NAPOLEON.

Here, as our photograph shows most admirably, the visitor to Vichy finds a tranquil corner under the trees where friend can meet friend for a chat. The Galerie Napoléon, it may be added, was inaugurated this year by M. Lebrun, the French President.

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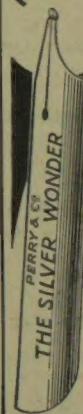


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